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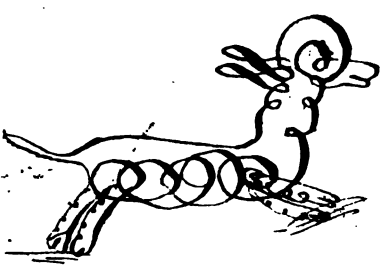
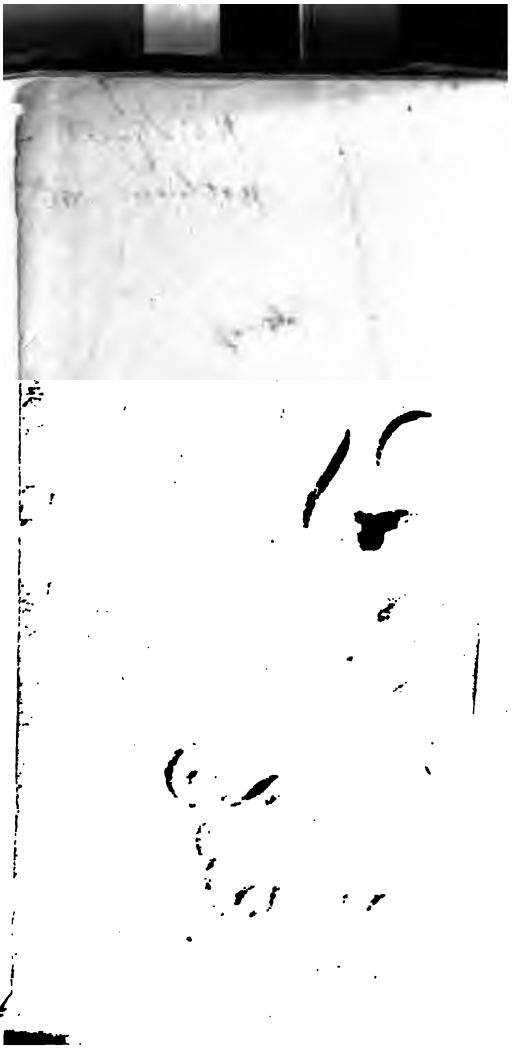




θεὸν τίμα μετέπειτα δὲ σεῖο γονῆας

THE
'EMPLE.
ACRED POEMS,
And Private
JACULATIONS.

BY

Mr *George Herbert*,

Late ORATOUR of the University of *CAMBRIDGE*.

Ninth Edition, with an Alphabetical Table for ready finding out chief places.

PSAL. 29.

is Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

LONDON,
ited by *J. M.* for *Philemon Stephens*,
d are to be Sold at the *Kings Arms* in *Chancery*-Lane, 1667.

147. a. 1.27.

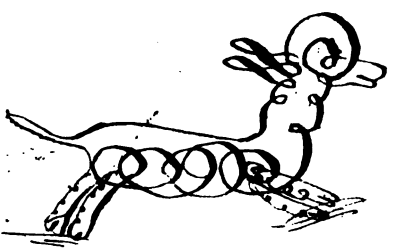
The Printer to the Reader.

THe *Dedication of this Work having been made by the Author to the* Divine Majeſty *only, how ſhould we now preſume to intereſt any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much leſs think we it meet to ſeek the recommendation of the Muſes, for that which himſelf was confident to have been inſpired by a diviner breath than flows from* Helicon. *The world therefore ſhall receive it in that naked ſimplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of ſupport or ornament, more than is included in it ſelf. We leave it free and unforeſtalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he ſhall finde by peruſal. Onely for the clearing of ſome paſſages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to ſome few particularities of the condition and diſpoſition of the Perſon.*

Being nobly born, and as eminently enduced with gifts of the minde, and having by induſtry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his

Ri. Sy.
prelium

William
Waddon



nſwer, It is a good work, if it be ſprin
th the bloud of CHRIST: *Otherw*
this reſpect he could finde nothing to gl
fort himſelf with, neither in this nor in
thing.
nd theſe are but a few of many that mig
id, which we have choſen to premiſe a
ice to ſome parts of the enſuing Book, and
xample to the Reader.
We conclude all with his own Motto, w
ich he uſed to conclude all things that mig
em to tend any way to his own honour;

Leſs than the leaſt of Gods mercies.

¶ The Dedication.

Ord, my firſt fruits preſent themſelves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
muſt return. Accept of them and me,
make us ſtrive, who ſhall ſing beſt thy Name.
ürn their eyes hither, who ſhall make a gain:
heirs, who ſhall hurt themſelves or me, refrain.

Ri: Symes
pretium oo

William

Waddon

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147. a. 627.

THE

URCH-PORCH.

'erirrhanterium.

Hou, whoſe ſweet youth and early
hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for
a treaſure; (chance
Hearken unto a Verſer, who may
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait
(of pleaſure.
ıay find him, who a Sermon flies,
delight into a Sacrifice.

t, it doth pollute and foul
ı Baptiſm waſht with his own bloud.
ſſon written in thy ſoul;
ps cannot be underſtood.
thoſe eyes upon a Bible look, (book?
owards God, whoſe luſt is all their

ı, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
ıoice of paths: take no by-ways;
leom what he doth afford;
that thy luſt hath bounds and ſtays.
hath his joy: weigh both, and ſo
ı have more, let heaven go.

l all common, certainly
ve been th' incloſer: but ſince now
al'd us, on the contrary
: fence, and every grief will plow.
ı man, might he himſelf miſplace!
roſs, he would ſhift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſs, which thou canſt not tame
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt: and pour the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floor.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the rou

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Big with his ſiſter: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himſelf: all kind of *ill*
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung mind,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſ
Short of his canne and body: muſt I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſs: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bo

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room,
(All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeveral way)
Let not a common ruine thee intomb:
Be not a beaſt in courteſie; but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſin in wine or wantonneſs,
Boaſt not thereof, nor make thy ſhame thy glory:
Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſs;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defie
With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
e nothing, and hath no excuſe.
ine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain :
ieap ſwearer through his open ſluce
ſoul run for nought, as little fearing :
an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

u doſt tell anothers jeſt, therein
oaths, which true wit cannot need ;
f tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
es his apple, that will cleanly feed.
: away the vertue of that name,
the beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

eſt ſins moſt dearly puniſht are ;
o ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap :
: have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
: not away the ſouls fair heap.
wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :
id full ſins have made the way a road.

but let thy heart be true to God,
outh to it, thy actions to them both :
tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod ;
ıy working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
be true. Nothing can need a lie :
, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

eneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
g, miſtreſſing, and complement.
ke up thy day, the Sun will cry
ee : for his light was only lent. (thers
ve *thy ſoul brave wings* ; put not thoſe fea-
bed, to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magiſtrate? then be ſevere:
If ſtudious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: if ſouldier,
Chaſe brave employments with a naked ſword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England full of ſin, but moſt of ſloth!
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breaſt with glo
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a ſheepiſhneſſe into thy ſtory:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſſe, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſſe ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke the
Some mark a partrige, never their childs faſhio
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great deſign;
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A manſ'ring mind; ſo both are loſt thereby:
Or elſe they breed them tender, make them nee
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thouſand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy ſon rich, is to fill
His mind with reſt, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill
To feel thoſe tempeſts which fly over ditches.
But if thy ſon can make ten pound his meaſure
Then all thou addeſt may be call'd his treaſu

…to do it, though it be but ſmall,
…onſtancy knits the bones, and makes us ſtowr
When wanton pleaſures becken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf
What nature made a ſhip, he makes a ſhelf.

Do all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the king ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocriſie:
To Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to taſk:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a maſk.

ook to thy mouth: diſeaſes enter there.
ou haſt two ſconſes, if thy ſtomack call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
o carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
ook on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
nd ſay withall, *Earth to earth I commit.*

: thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
ou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo but man?
; are built by rule, and common-wealths.
the truſty ſun, if that you can,
1 his Ecliptick line; becken the sky.
lives by rule then, keeps good company.

keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
to nothing at the next great thaw.
ſhop of rules, a well-truſs'd pack,
ery pareel under-writes a law.
thy ſelf, nor give thy humours way:
them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thy ſelf: ſee what thy ſoul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy cheſt; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till he good fellows find,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: elſe, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving, ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Leſt gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things elſe. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou maiſt ſafely touch; but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raiſe thy head;
Take ſtars for money; ſtars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſtful as the ſcraping dame;
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

means run in debt: take thine own meaſure.
annot live on twenty pound a year,
t on forty: he's a man of pleaſure,
of thing that's for it ſelf too dear.
curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
ſpares himſelf, but would his taylor chide.

not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
tunes ſeek, when worth and ſervice fail,
have their tale believed for their oaths,
l are like empty veſſels under ſail.
courtiers know this: therefore ſet out ſo,
ll the day thou maiſt hold out to go.

hs, cheap handſomneſs doth bear the bell.
n's a trimmer thing than ſhop e're gave.
not then, This with that lace will do well;
iis with my diſcretion will be brave.
h curioſity is a perpetual wooing
ing with labour, folly long a doing.

it for gain, but ſport. Who plays for more
n he can loſe with pleaſure, ſtakes his heart:
s his wives too, and whom ſhe hath bore:
ts and churches alſo play their part.
a herald, who that way doth paſs,
s his crackt name at length in the Church-glaſs.

et thou love game at ſo dear a rate,
his, that hath old gameſters dearly coſt:
ſe? riſe up: doſt win? riſe in that ſtate.
rive to ſit out loſing hands, are loſt.
e *is a civil gunpowder*, in peace
ing up houſes with their whole encreaſe.

In Converſation boldneſſe now bears ſway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſſe: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantial worth,
Boldneſſe gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſowr?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp wife, a ſervant that will lowr.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes war knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poyſonous fancies make;
But the great ſouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdom picks friends; civility plays the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Leſſe at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes: for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pic

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſſe, filthineſſe, abuſiveneſſe.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which coarſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer.
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, care or coldneſs
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, *but* may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baſeneſs is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate;
And not the beaſt, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State ſhould be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapeſtry.

Thy friend put in thy boſom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice;
Thy drops of bloud muſt pay down all his fear:
But love is loſt, the way of friendſhip 's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Chriſt* his *John*.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a father.
Love is a perſonal debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends ſhould die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her ſureties, e're they are a friends.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no mo
Till labour come, and make my weakneſs ſcore

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe,
All ſuch is courteous, uſeful, new, or witty.
Uſefulneſs comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie grows in court, news in the city.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the card:
That ſuits him beſt, of whom thy ſpeech is heard

ntice all neatly to what they know beſt;
or ſo thou doſt thy ſelf and him a pleaſure:
But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
ather than ſhew his cards) ſteal from his treaſure
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
hat thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but husband it,
nd give men turns of ſpeech: do not foreſtall
By laviſhneſs thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feaſt,

: calm in arguing: for fierceneſs makes
rour a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
ore than his ſickneſſes or poverty?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdom neither: therefore gently move.

lmneſs is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
irk all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

irk what another ſays: for many are
ll of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
ke all into thee; then with equal care
lance *each dram of reaſon*, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
hare in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all;
Shine like the sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, will not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king)
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

All forreign wiſdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language, nothing comes amiſs:
A good digeſtion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all ſcores; none are ſo clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forreign of that name; but ſcorn their ill:
Embrace their activeneſs, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'l run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlineſs,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſs
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt hour.
Let thy minds ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain than to give
Only thy ſingle market-money for it,
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poor man is
Chriſts ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, So much giv'n to God; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'n gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

e to God his due in tithe and time :
e purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
ys obſerve : think, when the bells do chime,
ngels muſick ; therefore come not late.
l then deals bleſſings : if a King did ſo,
o would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow ?

on the day his due is underſtood ;
the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
neer is mended ; bate not of the food,
e 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
art not th' Almighty God : O be not croſs.
when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain, not loſs.

h private prayer be a brave deſign,
blick hath more promiſes, more love,
ve's a weight to hearts, to eyes a ſign.
are but cold ſuiters ; let us move
ere it is warmeſt. Leave thy ſix and ſeven ;
with the moſt : for where moſt pray, is heaven.

once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
more there than thou : for thou art there
y his permiſſion. Then beware,
ake thy ſelf all reverence and fear.
eling ne're ſpoil'd ſilk ſtocking : quit thy ſtate.
equal are within the Churches gate.

to Sermons, but to Prayers moſt :
's the end of Preaching. O be dreſt ;
t for th' other pin : why, thou haſt loſt
or it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jeſt
thy bleſſings, and extreamly flout thee,
clothes being faſt, but thy ſoul looſe about thee.

In

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eyes,
And ſend them to thine heart; that ſpying ſin,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:
Thoſe doors being ſhut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others ſymmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met togethe
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well:
For Churches are either our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.
He that by being at Church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine

Jeſt not at Preachers language or expreſſion:
How know'ſt thou but thy ſins made him miſcarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God *ſent him, whatſoe're* he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None ſhall in hell ſuch bitter pangs endure,
As thoſe who mock at Gods way of ſalvation.
Whom oyl and baſilisms kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſs a full damnation.
The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſſe and undreſſe thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaſt vertue: life's poor ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Supe

¶ Superliminare.

THou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy ſelf in Church; approach, and taſte
The Churches myſtical repaſt.

AVoid profaneneſs; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groneth to be ſo,
May at his peril further go.

¶ The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy ſervant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,
Whoſe parts are as thy hand did frame;
No Workmans tool hath touch'd the ſame.

A HEART alone
Is ſuch a ſtone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praiſe thy name:

That if I chance to hold my peace,
Theſe ſtones to praiſe thee may not ceaſe.
O let thy bleſſed SACRIFICE be mine,
And ſanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

' *all ye, who paſs by,* whoſe eyes and mind
'o worldly things are ſharp, but to me blind ;
ıe, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine ?

e Princes of my people make a head
ıſt their Maker : they do wiſh me dead,
cannot wiſh, except I give them bread,
Was ever grief like mine ?

ıout me each one, who doth now me brave,
ad to this day been an Egyptian ſlave.
uſe that power againſt me, which I gave.
Was ever grief like mine ?

own Apoſtle, who the bag did bear,
ıgh he had all I had, did not forbear
o ſell me alſo, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

hirty pence he did my death deviſe,
) at three hundred did the ointment prize,
half ſo ſweet as my ſweet ſacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

refore my ſoul melts, and my hearts dear treaſure
ys bloud (the only beads) my words to meaſure :
t this cup paſs, if it be thy pleaſure.
Was ever grief, &c.

Theſe drops being temper'd with a ſinners tears,
alſam are for both the Hemiſpheres,
ing all wounds, but mine ; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet my Diſciples ſleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowſie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine ſtain.
Was ever grief like mine?

Ariſe, ariſe, they come, look how they run!
Alas! what haſte, they make to be undone!
How with their lanthorns do they ſeek the ſun!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and ſtaves they ſeek me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief;
Moſt true to thoſe who are my greateſt grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, doſt thou betray me with a kiſſe?
Canſt thou find hell about my lips? and miſſe
Of life, juſt at the gates of life and bliſſe?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet at their commands
I ſuffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Diſciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that ſtar
That brought the wiſe men of the Eaſt from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not ſound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound
Was ever grief, &c.

The prieſt and rulers all falſe witneſs ſeek
'*Gainſt him*, who ſeeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paſchal Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief, &c.

ıey accuſe me of great blaſphemy,
id thruſt into the Deity,
ver thought that any robbery.
Was ever grief like mine?

ſaid, that I the Temple to the floor
days ras'd, and raiſed as before.
: that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

ey condemn me all with that ſame breath,
:h I do give them daily, unto death.
lam my firſt breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

ıd, and lead me unto *Herod*: he *Pilate*
e to *Pilate*. This makes them agree; *Herod*
'e their friendſhip is my enmity.
Was ever grief, &c.

ıd all his bands do ſet me light,
ıch all hands to war, fingers to fight,
y am the Lord of hoſts and might.
Was ever grief, &c.

judgment ſits, while I do ſtand
:s me with a cenſorious hand:
ey, who all things elſe commandſt.
Was ever grief, &c.

Jews accuſe me with deſpitefulneſs;
ıg malice with my gentleneſs,
rrels with their only happineſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

nothing, but with patience prove
hearts will melt with gentle love.
does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my boſom fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever grief like mine!

Hark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live leſs than eternally.
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate, a ſtranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, Away,*
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their ears,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my bloud on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words arigh
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds light:
But honey is their gall, brightneſs their night.
Was ever grief, &c.

They chuſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a curteſie:
For it was their own cauſe who killed me.
Was ever grief, &c.

And a ſeditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth paſs
All underſtanding, more than heav'n doth glaſs.
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, Ceſar is their only King, not I:
He clave the ſtony rock, when they were dry;
But ſurely not their hearts, as I well try.
Was ever grief, &c.

Ah! how they ſcourge me! yet my tenderneſs
Doubles each laſh: and yet their bitterneſs
Winds up my grief to a myſteriouſneſs.
Was ever grief like mine?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet whom I would puniſh miſs'd.
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornful wiſe,
Who by my ſpittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies.
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As *Moſes* face was vailed, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now propheſie who ſtrikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themſelves all pity.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for ſo with utmoſt breath,
That he before me well-nigh ſuffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear friends, ſince I for both have w
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlep
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept.
Was ever grief like mine?

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all:
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.
Was ever grief like mine

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me array;
Which ſhews my bloud to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair mans decay.
Was ever grief like mine

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For theſe are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there.
Was ever grief like mine.

So fits the earths great curſe in *Adams* fall
Upon my head: ſo I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief like mine:

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtor
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King.*
Whatever ſcoffs or ſcornfulneſs can bring,
I am the floor, the ſink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſince mans ſcepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudy their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The ſouldiers alſo ſpit upon that face,
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to ſee, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who Crucifie him cry with one ſtrong ſhout.
And holds his peace at man, and man cries out
Was ever grief, &c.

ad me in once more, and putting then
wn cloths on, they lead me out agen.
devils fly, thus is he toſs'd of men.
Was ever grief like mine?

now weary of ſport, glad to ingroſſe
e in one, counting my life their loſſe,
arry me to my moſt bitter croſſe.
Was ever grief, &c.

ſſe I bear my ſelf, untill I faint:
n Simon bears it for me by conſtraint,
creed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief, &c.

who paſs by, behold and ſee:
ole the fruit, but I muſt climb the tree,
e tree of life to all, but only me.
Was ever grief, &c.

e I hang, charg'd with a world of ſin,
eater world o'th' two: for that came in
rds, but this by ſorrow I muſt win.
Was ever grief, &c.

rrow, as if ſinful man could feel,
his part, he would not ceaſe to kneel,
were melted, though he were all ſteel.
Was ever grief, &c.

, *O my God, my God!* why leav'ſt thou me,
n, in whom thou doſt delight to be?
d, my God!
Never was grief like mine.

tears my ſoul, my body many a wound;
rp nails pierce this, but ſharper that confound;
hes, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy ſelf, Phyſitian; now come down.
Alas! I did ſo, when I left my crown
And fathers ſmile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not my ſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt;
Your ſafety in my ſickneſs doth ſubſiſt.
Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two thieves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robbery ſuffereth.
Alas! what have I ſtolen from you? death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my ſubjects I'm condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go:
For they will pierce my ſide, I full well know,
That as ſin came, ſo Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I die; now all is finiſhed.
My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mi

¶ The Thankſgiving.

H King of grief! (a title ſtrange, yet true,
To thee of all Kings only due)
King of wounds! how ſhall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventeſt me?
hall I weep bloud? why thou haſt wept ſuch ſtore
That all thy body was one door.
ll I be ſcourged, flouted, boxed, ſold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
God, my God, why doſt thou part from me?
Was ſuch a grief as cannot be.
ll I then ſing, ſkipping thy doleful ſtory,
And ſide with thy triumphant glory?
ll thy ſtrokes be my ſtroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my poſie? croſs, my bower?
But how then ſhall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloudy hand?
ely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who ſhall victorious prove.
hou doſt give me wealth, I will reſtore
All back unto thee by the poor.
hou doſt give me honour, men ſhall ſee
The honour doth belong to thee.
ill not marry; or if ſhe be mine,
She and her children ſhall be thine.
My boſom-friend, if he blaſpheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
e half of me being gone, the reſt I give
Unto ſome Chappel, die or live.
for thy paſſion——But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
r thy *predeſtination*, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I ſurvive,

I'le build a ſpittle, or mend common ways,
But mend mine own without delays.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for faſhion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My muſick ſhall find thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing;
That all together may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou ſhalt give me wit, it ſhall appear,
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy paſſion——I will do for that——
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Repriſal.

I Have conſider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion:
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My ſins deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſentangled ſtate and free:
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attempts defie,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory didſt outgo me?
Couldſt thou not griefs ſad conqueſt me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confeſſion will I come
) the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
inſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once againſt thee fought.

The Agony.

Philoſophers have meaſur'd mountains,
ithom'd the depths of ſeas, of ſtates and kings,
'alk'd with a ſtaff to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vaſt, ſpacious things,
he which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that found them; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
to Mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
man ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloudy be.
Sin is that Preſſe and Vice, which forceth pain
) hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him aſſay
d taſte that juice, which on the croſſe a pike
Did ſet abroach; then let him ſay
If ever he did taſte the like.
re is that liquour ſweet and moſt divine,
iich my God feels as bloud; but I as wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how am I all ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memory!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.

I find there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But ſhreds of holineſſe, that dare not venture
To ſhew their face; ſince croſſe to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart:
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet Lord reſtore thine image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart ſcorns to give,
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy blood?
How ſhall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtar ſhew'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſign
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour
whole life one grief devour;
y distress through all may run,
And be my sun.

Or rather let
ral sins their sorrows get;
s each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

nce bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
hy sorrows in, and bloudy slight;
t hath store; write there, where in
t doth lie both ink and sin:

hen Sin spies so many foes,
ips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
ome to lodge there, Sin may say,
for me, and fly away.

g gone, oh fill the place,
p possession with thy grace;
ake courage and return,
ill the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

ving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
nd make a suit unto him to afford
mall-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

n at his manour I him sought:
ney told me there that he was lately gone
bout some land which he had dearly bought
e on earth, to take possession.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth
Of thieves and murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, *Your ſuit is granted*, ſaid, and di

¶ Sepulchre.

O Bleſſed body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodge tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toys dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit,
What ever ſin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain
And miſſing this, moſt falſly did arraign thee; (thee,
Only theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
With-hold thee.

¶ Easter.

RIſe heart; thy Lord is riſen. Sing his praiſe
Without delaies,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewiſe
With him mayſt riſe:
That, as his death calcined thee to duſt,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Juſt.

Awake, my lute, and ſtruggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The croſſe taught all wood to reſound his name,
Who bore the ſame.
His ſtretched ſinews taught all ſtrings, what key
Is beſt to celebrate this moſt high day.

Conſort both heart and lute, and twiſt a ſong
Pleaſant and long:
Or, ſince all muſick is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy bleſſed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his ſweet art.

I got me flowers to ſtraw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou waſt up by break of day,
And brought'ſt thy ſweets along with thee.

The Sun ariſing in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume;
If they ſhould offer to conteſt
With thy ariſing they preſume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many ſuns to ſhine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miſs:
There is but one, and that one ever.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth & ſtore,
Though foolishly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poore:

With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniously,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in ſorrow did beginne:
And ſtill with ſickneſſes and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſinne,
That I became
Moſt thinne.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

AS he that ſees a dark and ſhady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the ſky;
So when I view my ſins, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water fly,

Which is above the heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſins from growing thick and wide,

Or elſe give tears to drown them as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equal to the crime.
You taught the book of life my name, that ſo

What ever future ſins ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

SInce, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancy
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to my ſelf, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh got on; yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.

¶ Nature.

of rebellion, I would die,
ight, or travel, or deny
hou haſt ought to do with me.
O take my heart!
It is thy higheſt art
ptivate ſtrong holds to thee.

a ſhalt let this venom lurk,
n ſuggeſtions ſume and work,
ul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kind
Vaniſh into a wind,
ig thy workmanſhip deceit.

ooth my rugged heart, and there
ive thy rev'rend Law and fear:
make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſs grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
ide my duſt, then thee to hold.

¶ Sin.

Ord, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then ſchool-maſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
ules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,

its and ſundays, ſorrow dogging ſin,
Afflictions forted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurprizes,

Bleſſings beforehand, ties of gratefulneſſe:
The ſound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our ſhame; within, our conſciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all theſe fences and their whole array
One cunning boſom-ſin blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When firſt thou didſt entice to thee my heart,
I thought the ſervice brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Beſides what I might have
Out of my ſtock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture ſo fine,
And made it fine to me:
Thy glorious houſhold-ſtuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such ſtars I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleaſures could I want, whoſe King I ſerve
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reſerved
No place for grief or fear.
Therefore my ſudden ſoul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceneſſe ſeek thy face.

At firſt thou gav'ſt me milk and ſweetneſſes;
I had my wish and way:
My days were ſtrawed with flow'rs and happineſſe
There was no moneth but May.
But with my years ſorrow did twist and grow,
And made a partie unawares for me.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones;
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to groans.
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die.
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other Master out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Repentance.

Lord, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom
Whose life still passing,
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Mans age is two hours work, or three:
Each day doth round about us see.
This are we to delights, but we are all
To sorrows old;
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men:
Cut me not off for my most foul transgressions;
I do confess
My foolishness;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul:
y wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather;
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
tterneſs fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away;
And carry with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt ſin and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes,
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſin, as when mans ſight was dim
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe;
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcom gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
hich when I could not get, I thought it here:
ir apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well near.

I owed thousands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And where sin placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gained it;
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make poor knowledge bend & crouch,
While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

ayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
hristian plummet sounding heav'n and earth,

ine against th' Almighty, sinners towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days world-transposing in an hour,
d of tune, which all things hear and fear,

ess, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dress,
ilky way, the bird of Paradise,
(blood,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the souls
The land of spices, something understood.

¶ The H. Communion.

Not in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who for me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self convey;
or so thou shouldst without me still have been
Leaving within me sin:

by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
ich spread their forces into ev'ry part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' out-works they may controll
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the soul most subtil rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd, at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to heav'n from paradise go,
As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ Anti

¶ Antiphon.

LEt all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praiſe may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praiſes there may grow.

Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with pſalms muſt ſhout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

¶ Love I.

IMmortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(*workmanſhip*) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the ga
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernal pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? only a ſcarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them wri

II.

IMmortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it: let thoſe fires,
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee wa
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymns ſend back thy fire again:

Our eyes ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw dul
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who were diſſeized by uſurping luſt:

All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall r
And praiſe him who did make and mend ou

¶ The Temper.

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſ
Gladly engrave thy love in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Though there were some forty heav'ns, or
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost
A crumb of dust from heav'n to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Or take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place ev'ry where.

The Temper.

I Cannot be, where is that mighty joy,
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord, if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save sin, and sin, or sin for both destroy.

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and raſe,
And ev'ry day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and fit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven mo
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſty in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo ſays that fictions only and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is t here in truth no beau
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſs, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow courſe-ſpun lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lovers loves?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people; let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no mans nightingale or ſpring:
Nor let them punish me with loſs of rhyme,
Who plainly ſay, *My God, My King.*

¶ Ex

¶ Employment.

wer doth ſpread and dye,
ıldſt extend me to ſome good,
'e by froſts extremity,
Nipt in the bud,

etneſs and the praiſe were thine:
extenſion and the room,
y garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

ou doſt impart thy grace,
ter ſhall our glory be.
ure of our joys is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

t languiſh then, and ſpend
arren to thy praiſe,
duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

are buſie; only I
ring honey with the Bees,
s to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

ık of thy great chain,
y company is as a weed.
me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poor reed.

¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

OH book! infinite ſweetneſſe! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honie gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a maſſe
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh & t
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glaſſe

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
That waſhes what it ſhews. Who can endear
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Leig
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hell. (h

Thou art joyes handſel: heav'n lies flat in th
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtory.

This verſe marks that, and both do make a motic
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then, as diſperſed herbs do watch a potion,
ſe three make up ſome Chriſtians deſtiny.

e thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
ıd comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
ıy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
another make me underſtood.

tars are poor books, and oftentimes do miſſe:
his book of ſtars lights to eternal bliſſe.

¶ Whitſunday.

ten ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
nd ſpread thy golden wings in me;
ching my tender heart ſo long,
it get wing, and fly away with thee.

re is that fire which once deſcended
ıy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
open houſe, richly attended,
ıg all comers by twelve choſen men.

h glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
t th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
ſtars were coming down to know
might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

Sun, which once did ſhine alone,
ıg down his head, and wiſht for night,
en he beheld twelve Suns for one
about the world, and giving light.

ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
t cordial water to our ground,
re cut and martyr'd by the fault
; *who did themſelves through their* ſide wound

Thou shutt'ſt the door, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring ſin
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the ſun ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew out-ſtrip thy Dove?
The dew, for which graſs cannot call,
Drop from above!

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sin is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſs, void of love:
Let ſuppling grace to croſs his art,
Drop from above.

e ! for thou doſt know the way.
) me thou wilt not move,
e me where I need not ſay,
Drop from above !

¶ Praiſe.

write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any ways,
Thou ſhalt have more.

Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the ſky,
I will do more.

all weakneſs; there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

o diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the ſame floor,
To a brave ſoul: exalt the poor,
They can do more.

me then! Poor bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ Affliction.

KIll me not ev'ry day,
.ord of life; ſince thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
r *each hour of* Methuſalems ſtay.

If all mens fears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloudy ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſſe took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future mone.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch.
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

¶ Sin.

)H that I could a ſin once ſee!
We paint the devil foul; yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
ı is flat oppoſite to th' Almighty, ſeeing'
vants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſin we ſhould grow mad.
t as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live;
ı devils are our ſins in perſpective.

¶ Even-Song.

Bleſt be the God of love,
gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſie, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me ſight alone,
Which to himſelf he did deny:
For when he ſees my ways, I die:
have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
ɔr this thy love? have I diſcharg'd the debt,
Which this days favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was ſome.

Thy diet, care, and coſt
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have croſt,
alls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſs cloſeſt weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clod

I muſe which ſhews more lov
The day or night: that is the gale, this th' ha
That is the walk, and this the arbour
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou are all love.
Not one poor minute ſcapes thy bre
But brings a favour from above:
And in this love, more than in bed, I reſt.

¶ Church-monuments.

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotior
ere I intombe my fleſh, that it betime
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motio
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt: Therefore I gladly truſt

My body to this ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſty heraldry and lines:
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with e
laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for ſ

o ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall dow
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſte
And true deſcent: that when thou ſhalt grow

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know
That fleſh is but the glaſs which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below
How theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ Church-Muſick.

Sweeteſt of ſweets, I thank you, when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſu
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

ow I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
e both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kinge*.

nfort, I'le die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heavens door.

¶ Church-Lock and Key.

Know it is my ſin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands:
ying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
the chilneſs of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill,
So I delay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldneſs, but thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for his bloods ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins plead too, yet like ſtones they ſpeak
His bloods ſweet current much more loud to be

¶ The Church Floor.

MArk you the floor? that ſquare and ſpeckled
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience*:

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each
Is checker'd all along,
Humility:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence*:
But the ſweet Cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity*.

Hither ſometimes ſin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the duſt about the floor:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the Architect, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

¶ The Windows.

)rd, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glaſſe:
thy Temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

ien thou doſt anneal in glaſſe thy ſtory,
Making thy life to ſhine within
ly Preachers; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which elſe ſhews watriſh, bleak, and thin.

ıe and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine, and mingle, bring
g regard and awe: but ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conſcience, ring.

¶ Trinity-Sunday.

rd, who haſt form'd me out of mud,
nd haſt redeem'd me through thy blood,
nd ſanctifi'd me to do good;

ıll my ſins done heretofore:
I confeſs my heavy ſcore,
I will ſtrive to ſin no more.

my heart, mouth, hands in me,
ith faith, with hope, with charity;
e I may run, rife, reſt with thee.

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grud
Within the walls of your own bre
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fa
Is wantonneſs in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t'it ſelf alone
But when it would appear to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle me
Complies and ſuits with all eſtate
Which can let looſe to a crown, & yet with p
Take up within a cloiſters gate

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang co
From either pole unto the centr
Where in each room of the well-furniſht t
He lies warm, and without adve

The brags of life are but a nine-days wonde
And after death the fumes that ſp
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As thoſe which riſe from a huge K

Only thy Chronicle is loſt: and yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent
Than to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fre
Thy name in books, which ma

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'ſt alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digeſtion,
Thy nouriſht fame is weak or ſtrong.

Then ceaſe diſcourſing ſoul, till thine own ground
Do not thy ſelf or friends importune.
He that by ſeeking hath himſelf once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quiddity.

MY God, a verſe is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay ſuit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good ſword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With my great ſtable or demain:

It is no office, art, or news,
Nor the exchange, or buſie Hall:
But it is that which while I uſe
I am with thee, and *Muſt take all.*

¶ Humility.

I Saw the Vertues ſitting hand in hand
In ſev'ral Ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beaſts and fowls by their commar
Preſented tokens of ſubmiſſion;
Humility, who ſat the loweſt there-
To execute their call,
When by the beaſts the preſents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did preſent his paw,
Which by conſent was giv'n to Manſuetude:
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turky brought his corall-chain;
That went to Temperance:
On Juſtice was beſtow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plum
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the beaſts eſpi'd
They leapt upon the throne
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their ſide,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep ſo faſt, that the tears trickling down
Spoil d all the train: then ſaying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their fro
Againſt the beaſts: ſo joyntly bandying,
They drive them ſoon away:
And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring
At the next Seſſion-day.

¶ Frailty.

LOrd, in my ſilence how do I deſpiſe
What upon truſt
Is ſtiled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair duſt*!
I ſurname them *gilded clay*,
Dear earth, *fine graſs* or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

When I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine;
Thine clad with ſimpleneſſe, and ſad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was duſt before, doth quickly riſe,
And prick mine eyes.

I brook not this, leſt if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront thoſe joys, wherewith thou didſt endow
And long ſince wed
My poor ſoul, ev'n ſick of love,
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Conſtancy.

WHo is the honeſt man?
He that doth ſtill and ſtrongly good purſue,
To God, his neighbour, and himſelf moſt true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whoſe honeſty is not
So looſe or eaſie, that a ruffling wind
Can *blow away*, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his ſure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhuns them; but doth calt
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſum,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay

Whom none can work or woo
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and faſhion
All of a piece, and all are clear and ſtraigl

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe temptations: when the day is do
His goodneſs ſets not, but in dark can run:
The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, women, thoſe whom paſ
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant w
Whom others faults do not defe
But though men fail him, yet his part dot

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his v
To writhe his limbs, and ſhare, not mend
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and
Who ſtill is right, and prays to be ſo ſtill.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came fort
By that I knew that thou waſt in the g
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſcepter of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart

hy breath gave me both life and ſhape,
rſt my tallies; and when there's aſſign'd
reath to a ſigh, what's then behind?
r if ſome years with it eſcape,
The ſigh then only is
bring me ſooner to my bliſs.

on earth was grief, and thou art ſtill
unto it, making it to be
of honour; now to grieve in me,
And in thy members ſuffer ill:
They who lament one croſſe,
ying daily, praiſe thee to thy loſſe.

The Star.

ht ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
here beams ſurround my Saviours face,
Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debter,
And make it better.

irſt with thy fire-work burn to duſt
Folly, and worſe than folly, luſt:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it ſhine.

So diſengag'd from ſin and ſickneſs,
Touch it with thy celeſtial quickneſs,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didſt bow.

Get me a ſtanding there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sin and my heart.

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-ſtreams.

¶ Sunday.

O Day moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorſement of ſupream delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy Torch doth ſhew the way.

The other days, and thou
Make up one man; whoſe face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoop and bow,
Till thy releaſe appear.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſs death: but thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chuſe, but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'ns palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of mans life,
Threaded together on times ſtring,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife,
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did incloſe his light for his:
That, as each beaſt his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miſs.
Chriſt hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for thoſe
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame ſhake, which at his paſſion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samſon bore the doors away,
Chriſts-hands, though nail'd, wrought our ſalvation
And did unhinge that day.

The brightneſs of that day
We ſullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his expence,
Whoſe drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth,
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſev'n to ſeven,
Till that we both, being toſs'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

¶ Avarice.

ine of bliſſe and ſourſe of wo,
m'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and
parentage is baſe and low: (fine?
oor and dirty in a mine.

dſt ſo little contribute
t kingdom, which thou now haſt got,
; fain when thou wert deſtitute,
f thy dark cave and grot:

:, by fire he made thee bright:
ıſt got the face of man; for we
ar ſtamp & ſeal transferr'd our right:
, and man but droſs to thee.

:e his wealth, who made thee rich;
ligs out thee, falls in the ditch.

---

na { MARY / ARMS } *gram.*

me an *Army* doth preſent,
ord of hoſts did pitch his tent.

---

all Angels and Saints.

its, who after all your bands
ı face of God without a frown
Or ſtrict commands;
ne is king, and hath his crown,
ad, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envy or maliciousnes
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would addres
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distres.

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold:

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour.
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Masters hand can show.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
Cold complexions needing it.

ıo ſtar, but a quick coal'
Of mortal fire:
ows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
iis own aſhes choke his ſoul.

h' elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
d the higheſt to be beſt;
The earth ſat ſtill,
by the others is oppreſt.

ı buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
ı ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtars
ch an advantage to appear.

I were an Orenge-tree,
That buſie plant!
ould I ever laden be,
And never want
e fruit for him that dreſſed me.

are ſtill too young or old:
The man is gone,
we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
l the grave increaſe our cold.

¶ Denial.

n my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent ears;
s my heart broken, as was my verſe;
breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder.

bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
took his way: some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

good go any where, they say,
As to benum
knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, Come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

nerefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
eble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

hear and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ Christmas.

after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
full cry of affections, quite astray;
the next Inne I could find.

n I came, whom found I but my dear,
reſt Lord, expecting till the grief
ſures brought me to him, ready there
engers moſt ſweet relief?

ſt glorious, yet contracted light,
in nights mantle, ſtole into a manger,
y dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
ll beaſts be not thou a ſtranger.

and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
r lodging than a rack or grave.

rds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
od, no hymne for thee?
ſhepherd too; a flock it feeds
ughts, and words, and deeds.
re is thy word; the ſtreams, thy grace
ing all the place.
d flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
-ſing the day-light hours.
ill chide the Sun for letting night
e up his place and right:
e common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
nſelf the candle hold.
arching, till I find a Sun
ll ſtay till we have done;
iner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
froſt-nipt Suns look ſadly.
ll ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
one another pay:
ſhall chear my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
s beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

¶ Ungratefulneſs.

LOrd, with what bounty and rare
Haſt thou redeem'd us from t
If thou hadſt let us run,
Gladly had man ador'd the S
And thought his God moſt
Where now we ſhall be better gods th

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation*:
Thou haſt unlockt them bo
And made them jewels to betre
The work of thy creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs de
Therefore thou doſt not ſh
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make u

But all thy ſweets are packt up in the
Thy mercies thither flock and
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with deligh
Becauſe this box we know
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark t
When thou demandeſt but a he
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
[illegible]nding thee, who gaveſt two for

¶ Sighs and Grones.

O Do not uſe me
my ſins! look not on my deſert,
1 thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
ot refuſe me: for thou only art
ighty God, but I a ſilly worm:
O do not bruiſe me!

O do not urge me!
hat account can thy ill ſteward make?
: abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
: all thy magazens: my head did ake,
found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blind me!
: deſerv'd that an Egyptian night
ld thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
ſtill ſew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
am frailty, and already duſt;
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
1 the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
hou haſt other veſſels full of blood,
rt whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
unto death: ſince he di'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
hou haſt *life* and *death* at thy command;
1 art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, feaſt and rod,
al and Corroſive: put not thy hand
he bitter box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me!

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fo*
And ſpinning phanſies, ſhe was hear
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the fran
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame
But *Wiſdom* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the fal
Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamatio*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that Sycomor
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drou
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and to
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it gr

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm bai
To raſe the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them wi
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

Colos. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

MY words and thoughts do both expreſs this notion
That *LIFE* hath with the ſun a double motion.
The firſt *IS* ſtraight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend:
One life is wrapt *IN* fleſh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whoſe happy birth
Taught me to live here ſo, *THAT* ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily labour all *MY* pleaſure,
To gain at harveſt an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ Vanity.

THe fleet Aſtronomer can bore
And thred the ſpheres with his quick-piercing mind
He views their ſtations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd
To make a purchaſe there: he ſees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aſpects, and ſecret glances.

The nimble Diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the ventrous wretch;
That he might ſave his life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive pride
Her own deſtruction and his danger wears.

The ſubtil Chymick can deveſt
And ſtrip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their neſt:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and dreſt
To ordinary ſuitors at the door.

What hath not man ſought out and f
But his dear God? who yet his glorious lav
Emboſoms in us, mellowing the ground
With ſhowrs and froſts, with love a
So that we need not ſay, Where's this com
Poor man! thou ſearcheſt round
To find out *death*, but miſſeſt *life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

WElcom dear feaſt of Lent: who loves no
He loves not Temp'rance, or Authorit
But is compos'd of paſſion,
The Scriptures bid us *faſt*; the Church ſays
Give to thy Mother, what thou would'ſt allc
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble ſoul compos'd of love and fear
Begins at home, and lays the burden there
When doctrines diſagree.
He ſays, In things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandal to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo to me.

: Chriſtians ſhould be glad of an occaſion
ſe their temperance, ſeeking no evaſion,
When good is ſeaſonable;
ſs Authority, which ſhould increaſe
obligation in us, make it leſs,
And Power it ſelf diſable.

les the cleanneſs of ſweet abſtinence,
k thoughts and motions at a ſmall expence,
A face not fearing light:
:reas in ſulneſs there are fluttiſh fumes,
exhalations, and diſhoneſt rheums,
Revenging the delight.

ı thoſe ſame pendent profits, which the ſpring
Eaſter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodneſſe of the deed.
ıer ought other mens abuſe of Lent
the good uſe; leſt by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

rue, we cannot reach Chriſts fourtieth day;
to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to reſt:
:annot reach our Saviours purity;
are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our beſt.

o goeth in the way which Chriſt hath gone,
ıch more ſure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
aps my God, though he be far before,
turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May ſtrenthen my decays.

Yet Lord inſtruct us to improve our faſt
By ſtarving ſin, and taking ſuch repaſt
As may our faults controll:
That ev'ry man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour; banquetting the poor,
And among thoſe his ſoul.

¶ Vertue.

Sweet day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew ſhall weep thy fall to night;
For thou muſt die.

Sweet Roſe, whoſe hue angry and brave
Bids the raſh gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou muſt die.

Sweet ſpring, full of ſweet days and roſes,
A box where ſweets compacted lie;
My Muſick ſhews ye have your cloſes,
And all muſt die.

Only a ſweet and vertuous ſoul,
Like ſeaſon'd timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The Pearl, *Matth.* 13.

Know the ways of Learning; both the head
And Pipes that feed the preſſe, and make it run;
hat Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
of it ſelf, like a good huſwife, ſpun
laws and policy; what the ſtars conſpire;
hat willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
th-th' old diſcoveries, and the new found ſeas,
ie ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtory:
I theſe ſtand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

now the ways of Honour, what maintains
ie quick returns of courteſie and wit:
ries of favours whether party gains,
hen glory ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
o all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
hich on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
id bear the bundle, whereſoe're it goes:
w many drams of ſpirit there muſt be
ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

now the ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
ie lullings and the relishes of it;
ie propoſitions of hot blood and brains;
hat mirth and muſick mean; what love and wit
ave done theſe twenty hundred years, and more:
now the projects of unbridled store:
r ſtuff is fleſh, not braſſe; my ſenſes live,
id grumble oft, that they have more in me
an he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all theſe, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not ſealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully underſtand
Both the main ſale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumſtances that may move:
Yet through theſe labyrinths, not my groveling wit
But thy ſilk-twiſt let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

¶ Affliction.

BRoken in pieces all aſunder,
Lord hunt me not
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortur'd in the ſpace
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a caſe of knives,
Wounding my heart
With ſcatter'd ſmart,
As watring-pots give flow'rs their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my ſoul.

All my attendants are at ſtrife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let looſe to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

my God! let not their plot
ill them and me,
nd alſo thee,
ny life: diſſolve the knot,
Sun ſcatters by his light
rebellions of the night.

l thoſe powers, which work for grief,
nter thy pay,
nd day by day
ıy praiſe and my relief;
are and courage building me,
each heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
: doth build a ſtately habitation,
that means to dwell therein.
ouſe more ſtately hath there been,
, then is Man? to whoſe creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
e: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
, yet is or ſhould be more.
and ſpeech we only bring.
ıy thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the ſcore.

Man is all ſymmetry,
portions, one limb to another,
l to all the world beſides:
art may call the fartheſt brother:
vith foot hath private amity,
nd both with moons and tides.

Nothing

Nothing hath got ſo far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes diſmount the higheſt ſtar:
He is in little all the ſphere.
Herbs gladly cure our fleſh, becauſe that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth reſt, heav'n move, and fountains
Nothing we ſee, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treaſure*:
The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,
Or cabinet of *pleaſure*.

The ſtars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws
Muſick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *fleſh* are kind
In their *deſcent* and *being*; to our *mind*
In their *aſcent* and *cauſe*.

Each thing is full of duty.
Waters united are our navigation;
Diſtinguiſhed, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanlineſſe. Hath one ſuch beauty
Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend
When ſickneſſe makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then afford us ſo much wit,
That as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee
And both thy ſervants be.

¶ Antiphone.

Chor. PRaiſed be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Cho. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe:

Cho. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Cho. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was ſold.

Cho. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Cho. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Cho. Lord, thy praiſes ſhall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no ſtore,
Praiſed be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ Un

¶ Unkindneſs.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend.
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poor,
And thou within them ſtarve at door.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfill?
O write in braſſe, *My God upon a tree*
His bloud did ſpill,
Only to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe thee.

¶ I

¶ Life.

Made a poſie, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did becken to the flow'rs, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

hand was next to them, and then my heart:
ook, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
ho did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
king my mind to ſmell my fatal day,
Yet ſugring the ſuſpition.

arewel dear flow'rs; ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
llow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
ee, if my ſent be good, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ Submiſſion.

But that thou art my wiſdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
mind would be extreamly ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſign.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
ould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But when I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my ſight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
Diſſeiſe thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou ſhouldſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe thee?
Perhaps great places, and thy praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.
Wherefore unto thy gift I ſtand;
I will no more adviſe:
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou haſt both mine eyes.

¶ Juſtice.

I Cannot skill of theſe thy ways.
Lord, thou didſt make me, yet thou woundeſt me:
Lord, thou didſt wound me, yet thou doſt relieve me:
Lord, thou relieveſt, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou doſt kill me, yet thou doſt reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praiſe,
Thy juſtice me moſt fitly pays:
For *I do praiſe thee, yet I praiſe thee not:*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers ſtray:
I would do well, yet ſin the hand hath got:
My ſoul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of theſe my ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo read a Chapter when they riſe,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten; and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floting Ark; whoſe ſtay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To *make us thine*: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſery.

Th

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And sev'ral baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
ting a houſe and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb incloſure maketh love
o the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
king his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhews the beer,
ich ſhall convey him to the houſe of death:

Man, ere he is aware,
put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
all theſe dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

SWeet were the days, when thou didſt lodge with (*Lot*,
Struggle with *Jacob*, ſit with *Gideon*,
Adviſe with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
Encounter *Moſes* ſtrong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought, and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well.
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may hear great Aarons bell.

But now thou doſt thy ſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and ſtraiten thee, and uſe much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I ſee the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once ſpread, as in an urn
Doth cloſet up it ſelf, and ſtill retreat,
Cold ſin ſtill forcing it, till it return,
And calling Juſtice, all things burn.

¶ Miſery.

LOrd, let the Angels praiſe thy name.
Man is a fooliſh thing, a fooliſh thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His houſe ſtill burns; and yet he ſtill doth ſing,
Man is but graſs,
He knows it, fill the glaſs.

How canſt thou brook his fooliſhneſs?
Nay, he'l not loſe a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his exceſs;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will ſwear,
Than to ſerve thee in fear.

What ſtrange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he!
No man ſhall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn canſt ſee:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

beſt of men, turn but thy hand
e poor minute, ſtumble at a pin:
y would not have their actions ſcann'd,
y ſorrow tell them that they ſin,
Though it be ſmall,
And meaſure not their fall.

y quarrel thee, and would give over
rgain made to ſerve thee: but thy love
ls them unto it, and doth cover
ir follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not ſuff'ring thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

God, Man cannot praiſe thy name:
rt all brightneſſe, perfect purity:
Sun holds down his head for ſhame,
rith eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee.
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection?

irty hands foul all they touch,
ioſe things moſt, which are moſt pure & fine:
ur clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
; thy praiſes, make them leſs divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

cannot ſerve thee; let him go
've the Swine: there, there is his delight:
loth not like this Vertue, no;
m his dirt to wallow in all night:
Theſe Preachers make
His head to ſhoot and ake,

On

Oh fooliſh man, where are thin
How haſt thou loſt them in a croud o
Thou pull'ſt the rug, and wilt n
No, not to purchaſe the whole pack o
There let them ſhi
Thou muſt go ſleep,

The bird that ſees a dainty bowe
Made in the tree, where ſhe was wont
Wonders and ſings, but not his
Who made the arbour: this exceeds
But man doth know
The ſpring, whence a

And yet, as though he knew it no
His knowledge winks, and lets his hun
They make his life a conſtant blo
And all the bloud of God to run in vai
Ah wretch! what
Can thy ſtrange way

Indeed at firſt Man was a treaſur
A box of jewels, ſhop of rarities,
A ring, whoſe poſie was, *My ple*
He was was a garden in a Paradiſe:
Glory and grace
Did crown his hear

But ſin hath fool'd him. Now he
A lump of fleſh, without a foot or wi
To raiſe him to a glimpſe of bliſ
A ſick toſs'd veſſel, daſhing on each th
Nay, his own ſhel
My God, I mean my

¶ Jordan.

my lines of heav'nly joyes made mention,
, their luſtre, they did ſo excell,
ght out quaint words and trim invention:
its began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
ith metaphors a plain intention,
he ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

ds of notions in my brain did run,
their ſervice, if I were not ſped:
plotted what I had begun;
as not quick enough, and that was dead.
g could ſeem too rich to clothe the Sun,
eſs thoſe joyes which trample on his head.

nes do work and wind, when they aſcend,
I I weave my ſelf into the ſenſe.
while I buſtled, I might hear a friend
per, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
e *is in love a ſweetneſs ready penn'd:*
out only that, and ſave expence.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an eaſie quick acceſſe,
ſy bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our requeſts thine ear invade!
o ſhew that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſs.
f I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not hear, than thou ca

Of what ſupream Almighty power
Is thy great arm, which ſpans the Eaſt a
And tacks the Centre to the Spher
By it do all things live their meaſur'd h
We cannot ask the thing which is not t
Blaming the ſhallowneſſe of our requeſt

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who when thou coul
Wert fain to take our fleſh and cu
And for our ſakes in perſon ſin reprove
That by deſtroying that which ty'
Thou mightſt make way for liberality!

Since then theſe three wait on th
Eaſe, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, al
I and dear Prayer would together dwe
And quickly gain for each inch loſt, an

¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings m
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whither the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth nee
To paſs it ſelf, and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpecial dee

If that hereafter Pleaſure
Cavil, and claim her part and meaſure,
f this paſſed with a reſervation,
Or ſome ſuch words in faſhion;
re exclude the wrangler from thy treaſure,

O let thy ſacred will
All thy delight in me fulfil!
me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love ſhall ſway,
ſigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt mind a rotten tree;
ſince thou canſt not chuſe but ſee my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
ou maiſt as well my actions guide, as ſee.

Beſides, thy death and blood
Show'd a ſtrange love to all our good:
r ſorrows were in earneſt; no faint proffer,
Or ſuperficial offer
what we might not take, or be withſtood.

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word only I ſay, No.
ere in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
rd, let it not by way of *purchaſe* go.

He that will paſs his land,
As I have mine, may ſet his hand
heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchaſe ſpread
oth *our goods*, if he to it will ſtand.

How happy were my part,
If ſome kind man would thruſt his heart
Into theſe lines; till in heavens court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Entred for both, far above their deſert!

¶ Conſcience.

PEace pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.
By liſtning to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and ears.

Pratler, no more, I ſay:
My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſs ſphere
Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
That I have Phyſick to expel thee.

And the receit ſhall be
My Saviours blood: when ever at his board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my phyſick, know ther's ſome for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a ſtaff or bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
The bloody croſs of my dear Lord
Is both my phyſick and my ſword.

¶ Sion.

Ord, with what glory waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When *Solomons* temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold:
The wood was all embelliſhed
Vith flowers and carvings, myſtical and rare:
ll ſhew'd the builders, crav'd the ſeers care.

'et all this glory, all this pomp and ſtate
lid not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that ſow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
nd now thy Architecture meets with ſin;
'or all thy frame and fabrick is within.

here thou art ſtrugling with a peeviſh heart,
Vhich ſometimes eroſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
ll *Solomons* ſea of braſs and world of ſtone
not ſo dear to thee as one good grone.

nd truly braſs and ſtone are heavy things,
'ombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
nd ever as they mount, like larks they ſing:
he note is ſad, yet muſick for a King.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
hy *long deferrings* wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
the bloud did make, which thou didſt ſpill
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When Man was loſt, thy pity lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or sky:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſom lie.
O ſhew thy, &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſs, to remove
Thraldom from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
O ſhew thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear?
As if thy love could fail or change.
O ſhew thy, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe; hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhew thy, &c.

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhew thy, &c.

ith one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th'other day
I blaſted all the joys about me:
id ſcouling on them, as they pin'd away,
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

othing but drought and dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſoe're I look, I ſee.
me may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſs themſelves, and come to thee.
O ſhew thy, &c.

e talk of harveſt; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
ere is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The laſt and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O ſhew thy, &c.

looſe this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free ſoul may uſe her wing,
hich now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
O ſhew thy, &c.

hat have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and grone?
The moſt of me to heav'n is fled:
thoughts and joys are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O ſhew thy, &c.

me deareſt Lord, paſs not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joynts do pray:
id ev'n my verſe, when by the rhyme and reaſon
The word is Stay, ſays ever, Come.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The Britiſh Church.

I Joy dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shews who is beſt.

Outlandiſh looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the hills which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiſs'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That ev'n her face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide
And nothing wears.

But, deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſs)
The mean thy praiſe and glory is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God, whoſe love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ The Quip.

THe merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to jeer at me.

Firſt, Beauty crept into a Roſe;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, whoſe hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What tune is this, poor man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had skill.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he?
He ſcarce allow'd me half an eye.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration,
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy deſign
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine,
And then they have their anſwer home.

¶ Vanity.

POor ſilly ſoul, whoſe hope and head lies low;
Whoſe flat delights on earth do creep and grow
To whom the ſtars ſhine not ſo fair, as eyes;
Nor ſolid work, as falſe embroyderies:
Heark and beware, leſt what you now do meaſure
And write for ſweet, prove a moſt ſowr diſpleaſure.

O hear betimes, leſt thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchaſe heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate
If ſouls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:
For they can never be at reſt,
Till they regain their ancient neſt,
Then ſilly ſoul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake ſad heart, whom ſorrow ever drown
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou doſt ſtill lament, and pine, and cry
And for his death, but not his victory.

id heart; if thou doſt not withſtand,
ts reſurrection thine may be:
by hanging down break from the hand,
ch as it riſeth, raiſeth thee:
Ariſe, ariſe;
ith his burial-linnen dry thine eyes. (grief
ſt left his grave-cloaths, that we might, when
vs tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

S U is in my heart, his ſacred name
deeply carved there: but th'other week
eat affliction broke the little frame,
'n all to pieces; which I went to ſeek:
l firſt I found the corner, where was J,
r, where E S, and next where U was graved.
en I had got theſe parcels, inſtantly
; me down to ſpell them, and perceived
t to my broken heart he was *I eaſe you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Buſineſs.

CAnſt be idle? canſt to play,
Fooliſh ſoul, who ſinn'd to day?

ers run, and ſprings each one
ow their home, and get them gone:
t thou tears, or haſt thou none?

poor ſoul, thou haſt no tears,
ould thou hadſt no faults or fears!
o hath theſe, thoſe ills forbears.

Winds ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the ſeaſon cold or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs nor groans,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt di'd moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo far thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſery;
Two lives worſe than ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſins and Saviours death?

He that loſeth Gold, though droſs,
Tells to all he meets, his croſs:
He that ſins, hath he no loſs?

He that finds a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither ſin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

Sweeteſt Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly then ſhould I controul
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (Child) is the ballance thine?
Thine the poize and meaſure?
If I ſay, thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That transferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour.
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my ſavour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſign:
In diſclaims, and I reſign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay, my creature would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart——
Now more? thou break'ſt my heart.

¶ Dulneſs.

WHy do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull.
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſs, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full.

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelineſs, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloudy death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approaches? my
Where are my window-Songs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugred lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
[illegible]*ly; for to love* thee, who can be,
What Angel fit?

¶ Love-joy.

As on a window late I caſt mine eye,
I ſaw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*
Anneal'd on every bunch. One ſtanding by
Aſk'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To ſpend my judgement) ſaid, It ſeem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miſs'd,
The man reply'd? It figures *JESUS CHRIST.*

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! ſhall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? ſhall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in ſea and land
Only to man thou haſt made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praiſe.

Beaſts fain would ſing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Prieſt: he doth preſent
The ſacrifice for all; while they below
Into the ſervice mutter an aſſent,
Such as Springs uſe that fall, and winds that blow.

He *that to* praiſe and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himſelf alone,
But robs a thouſand who would praiſe thee fain;
And doth commit a world of ſin in one.

The beasts say, Eat me: but, if beasts must tear,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*,
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be dispos'd and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow, Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathe

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

ething ingendred doth prevent his meat;
ies have their table ſpread, e're they appear.
me creatures have in winter what to eat;
hers do ſleep, and envy not their chear.

w finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin!
d make a twiſt checker'd with night and day!
hich as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
bowls go on, but turning all the way.

ch creature hath a wiſdom for his good.
e pigeons feed their tender off-ſpring, crying,
hen they are callow; but withdraw their food
hen they are fledg, that need may teach them fly-
(ing.
es work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
eir maſters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
both the flow'r doth ſtay, and honey run.

eep eat the graſs, and dung the ground for more:
ees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
ings vent their ſtreams, and by expence get ſtore:
ouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

ho hath the vertue to expreſs the rare
d curious vertues both of herbs and ſtones?
here an herb for that? O that thy care
ould ſhew a root that gives expreſſions!

d if an herb hath power, what have the ſtars!
oſe, beſides his beauty, is a cure.
ubtleſs our plagues and plenty, peace and wars
e there much ſurer than our art is ſure.

ou haſt hid metals: man may take them thence;
t at his peril: when he digs the place,
makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
threatned man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ev'n poyſons praiſe thee. Should a thing be loſt?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poyſons, antidotes are moſt;
The help ſtands cloſe, and keeps the fear in view.

The ſea, which ſeems to ſtop the traveller,
Is by a ſhip the ſpeedier paſſage made.
The winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to ſerve his trade.

And as thy houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious art in marſhalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound; the vales with ſtore;
The South with marble; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; eaſie things good cheap.
The common all men have: that which is rare,
Men therefore ſeek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy froſts with ſummer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glaſſe: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool, without cloſeneſſe, ſhade:
Speed without pains, a horſe: tall without height,
A ſervile hawk: low without loſſe, a ſpade.

All countreys have enough to ſerve their need:
If they ſeek fine things, thou doſt make them run
For their offence; and then doſt turn their ſpeed
To be commerce and trade from ſun to ſun.

Nothing wears clothes but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing uſeth fire,
But Man alone, to ſhew his heav'nly breed:
And only he hath jewel in deſire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'ſt a ſea of wet:
Whē that lay gather'd, thou didſt broch the mountains
when yet ſome places could no moiſture get,
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good ſ

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, ; but gently ſpend
Your honey drops: preſs not to ſmell them here:
When they are ripe, their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſs reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and cann,
Boat, cable, ſail and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernels help againſt the wind.
The limons juyce and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſs a feaſt,
Here all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird and beaſt;
Sponges, non-ſenſe & ſenſe; mines, th'earth & plants

To ſhew thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe than ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th'under-jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying, th'Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy works, but he that knows them
And none can know thy works which are ſo many,
And ſo compleat, but only he that ows them.

All things *that are*, though they have ſev'ral ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee: and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in uſe and name
It go for one, hath many ways in ſtore
To honour thee: and ſo each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to hope a Watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did preſent:
And he an optick ſent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sins round.

SOrry I am, my God, ſorry I am,
That my offences courſe it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a buſie flame,
Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they have once perfected their draught
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which ſpit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and paſs them with their fa
And by their breathings ventilate the ill.
But words ſuffice not, where are lewd intentions
My hands do joyn to finiſh the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finiſh the inventions:
And ſo my ſins aſcend three ſtories high,
As Babel grew, before there were diſſentions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they ſupply
New thoughts of ſinning: wherefore to my ſhame,
Sorry I am, my God, ſorry I am.

¶ Time.

eting with Time, Slack thing, ſaid I,
Thy ſithe is dull, whet it for ſhame.
vel, Sir, he did reply,
ngth deſerve ſome blame:
: where one man would have me grind it,
enty for one too ſharp do find it.

ps ſome ſuch of old did paſs,
above all things lov'd this life;
iom thy ſithe a hatchet was,
h now is but a pruning knife.
iriſts coming hath made man thy debter,
ice by thy cutting he grows better.

n his bleſſing thou art bleſt:
here thou only wert before
xecutioner at beſt;
art a gard'ner now and more.
her to convey our ſouls
ad the utmoſt ſtars and poles.

his is that makes life ſo long,
e it detains us from our God.
pleaſures here increaſe the wrong:
ength of days lengthen the rod.
wants the place where God doth dwell,
kes already half of hell.

hat ſtrange length muſt that needs be,
h ev'n eternity excludes!
far Time heard me patiently:
chafing ſaid, this man deludes:
hat do I here before his door?
doth not crave leſs time, but more.

¶ Gratefulneſs.

THou that haſt given ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy begger works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſays, if he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy words our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou wentſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe:
Nay, thou haſt made a ſigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes than grones can make;
But that theſe conntrey-aires thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canſt thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

ıkful, when it pleaſeth me;
r bleſſings had ſpare days:
ı a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

veet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly
Let me once know (crave,
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
low wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere,

; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely thought I,
This is the Lace of Peaces coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
hile I lookt, the clouds immediatly
Did break and ſcatter.

went I to a garden, and did ſpy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
hen I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devour
What ſhew'd ſo well.

ıgth I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
n dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſs did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſpring twelve ſtalks of wheat;
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth,
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That vertue lies therein;
A ſecret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue,
Is only there.

¶ Confeſſion.

O What a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets, and in them many a cheſt;
And, like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſerue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſign'd.
They are too ſubtil for the ſubtileſt hearts;
Well fall, like rheums upon the tendreſt parts.

We are the earth, and they,
ike moles within us, heave and caſt about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much leſs give out.
No Smith can make ſuch locks, but they have l
loſets are Halls to them; and hearts, high-wa

Only an open breaſt
oth ſhut them out, ſo that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot reſt,
But quickly ſeek ſome new adventure.
mooth open hearts no faſtning have; but ficti
oth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and ſins,
Lord I acknowledge: take thy plagues away:
For ſince confeſſion pardon wins,
I challenge here the brighteſt day,
The cleareſt diamond: let them do their beſt,
They ſhall be thick and cloudy to my breaſt.

Giddineſs.

O What a thing is man! how far from pow
From ſetled peace and reſt!
He is ſome twenty ſev'ral men at leaſt
Each ſev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treal
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of ſin
Will loſe a pleaſure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And ſnudge in quiet; now he ſcorns incenſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds an houſe, which quickly down muſt go
As if a whirlwind blew
And cruſht the building: and it's partly true,
His mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a Dolphins skin, his clothes conſpire
With his deſires!

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No Sale or Bargain paſſe: all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us: one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

¶ The Bunch of Grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up, but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, me thinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago; one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts uſurps my brain.
I did toward Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of ſhame

r as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and ſaw no town;
now each Chriſtian hath his journeys ſpann'd:
Their ſtory pens and ſets us down.
A ſingle deed is ſmall renown.
ds works are wide, and let in future times:
ancient juſtice overflows our crimes.

en have we too our guardian-fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops faſt:
e have our ſands and ſerpents, tents and ſhrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not laſt.
But where's the cluſter? where's the taſte
mine inheritance? Lord, if I muſt borrow,
t me as well take up their joy as ſorrow.

t can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
eſſed be God, who proſper'd *Noah*'s Vine,
And made it bring forth Grapes good ſtore.
But much more him I muſt adore,
ho of the Laws ſowre juice ſweet wine did make,
n God himſelf, being preſſed for my ſake.

¶ Love unknown.

Dear friend, ſit down, the tale is long and ſad:
And in my faintings I preſume your love
will more comply then help. A Lord I had,
nd have, of whom ſome grounds which may im-
hold for two lives, and both lives in me. (prove
o him I brought a diſh of fruit one day,
id in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I ſigh to ſay)

Lookt on a ſervant, who did know his eye
Better then you know me, or (which is one)
Then I my ſelf, The ſervant inſtantly
Quitting the fruit, ſeiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A ſtream of bloud, which iſſu'd from the ſide
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cauſe: there it was dipt and di'd,
And waſht, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you ſhall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide.
(I ſigh to tell)
Walkt by my ſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whoſe verge
Was in great letters ſet *AFFLICTION.*
The greatneſs ſhew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a ſacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus preſent,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, ſlipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the ſcalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to ſpread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug then ſcalding water
I bath'd it often, (ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did ſteal into my cup for good,
And taken inwardly, and moſt divine

To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed.
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts
I would ſay *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepy ſtate of mind
Did oft poſſeſs me; ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behind.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Maſter ſhows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew:
The Caldron ſupplied what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull.
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans medley.

HEark how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,
Mans joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretenſe:
h'other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
h th'one hand touching heav'n, with th'other earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
vears a ſtuff, whoſe thread is courſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And ſhould take place
r the trimming, not the ſtuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head,
So muſt he ſip and think
Of better drink
nay attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble.
ath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greateſt griefs
May be reliefs,
ld he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happy is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
n his double pains to double praiſe.

¶ The Storm.

IF, as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and Flow,
My ſighs and teares as buſie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and obſect their crimes.

Stars have their ſtorms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conſcience ſpurred by remorſe
Hath a ſtrange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and m
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy doore.

There it ſtands knocking, to thy muſicks w
And drowns the ſong.
Glory and honour are ſet by till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor ſtorms; ſuch days
They purge the air without, within the b

¶ Paradiſe.

I Bleſs thee, Lord, becauſe I GRO
Among thy trees, which in a RO
To thee both fruit and order O

What open force, or hidden CHA
Can blaſt my fruit, or bring me HA
While the incloſure is thine

loſe me ſtill for fear I START.
to me rather ſharp and TART,
en let me want thy hand and ART.

ien thou doſt greater judgments SPARE,
d with thy knife but prune and PARE,
n fruitful trees more fruitful: ARE.

h ſharpneſs ſhows the ſweeteſt: FRIENDS
h cuttings rather heal then RENDs
d ſuch beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

POor heart, lament.
fince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
:re is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
ckly effect what thou doſt move;
he is *Power*: and ſure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go ſearch this thing,
nble thy breaſt, and turn thy book.
hou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
tten above there? *Yeſterday*
behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And ſhould Gods ear
uch indifferents chained be,
› do not their own motions hear ?
Is God leſs free ?

But ſtay ! what's there ?
when I would have ſomething done,
a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould Gods ear,
:h needs not man, be ty'd to thoſe
› hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray ;
'n with thy knees, up with thy voice,
: pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad heart rejoyce.

¶ Divinity.

S men, for fear the ſtars ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have ſpheres ſuppli'd;
f a ſtar were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide :

ſo the other heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent skie :
ich with the edge of wit they cut and carve,
Reaſon triumphs, and Faith lies by.

ld not that wiſdom which firſt broch'd the wine
Have thicken'd it with definitions ?
jagg'd his ſeamleſs coat, had that been fine,
With curious queſtions and diviſions ?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:
At leaſt thoſe beams of truth, which only ſave,
Surpaſs in brightneſs any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark inſtructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can theſe Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,
To take and taſte what he doth there deſign,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh man;
Break all thy ſpears, and ſave thy head.
Faith needs no ſtaff of fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and lead.

Epheſ. 4 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, ſweet and ſacred Dove,
When I am fowre,
And croſs thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of ſtrength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I paſs away and leave it dead?

hen weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep foolish heart,
And weeping live:
or death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night (whose sable hue
Your sins expres:) melt into dew.

hen sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more,
mighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth grone.

h take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
here can no discord but in ceasing be:
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have then such hard things.

ord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,
Ev'n endless tears
Without relief.
a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Crystal, what shall I?

et if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
my deserts were masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

¶ The Family.

WHat doth this noiſe of thoughts w
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud complaints and pulling
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the houſe and family are thine,
Though ſome of them repine
Turn out theſe wranglers, which defile th
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt Peace and Silence all diſputes controll
Then Order playes the ſoul;
And giving all things their ſet forms and h
Makes of wild woods ſweet walks an

Humble Obedience near the door doth ſtan
Expecting a command:
Then whom in waiting nothing ſeems mor
Nothing more quick when ſhe doth

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as jo
But griefs without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder then diſtemper'd fea
What is ſo ſhrill as ſilent tears?

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy heart.
odeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe, that have
itle to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th'upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
f cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon ſail?
thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail.
And for the future time art heir
o th' Iſle of ſpices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
more then God was, who was hungry here.
'ouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanull?
Enact good chear?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
ut little do reſerve themſelves for more:
hoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have re-
(nounce
And live on ſcore:
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on *Sions* hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
nd in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
t leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Chriſtians ſtate and caſe
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and ſpare,
Yet active ſtrength: whoſe long and bc
Content and ca
Do ſeem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore ſit down, good he
Graſp not at much, for fear thou loſeſt
If comforts fell according to deſert,
They would great froſts and ſnows
For we ſhould count, Since the laſ

Then cloſe again the ſeam
Which thou haſt open'd: do not ſpread
In hope of great things. Call to mind t
An earthly glc
On whoſe meridian was engraven,
Theſe Seas are tears, and Heav'n the E

¶ Artillery.

AS I one evening ſat before my cell,
Me-thoughts a ſtar did ſhoot into m
I roſe and ſhook my clothes, as knowing
That from ſmall fires comes oft no ſmall
When ſuddenly I heard one ſay,
Do as thou uſeſt, diſobey,
Expell good motions from thy breaſt,
Which have the face of fire, but end in ve

had heard of muſick in the ſpheres,
of ſpeech in ſtars, began to muſe:
ning to my God, whoſe miniſters
s and all things are; If I refuſe,
ad Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
en I refuſe not ev'n with blood
waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
ll do, or ſuffer what I ought.

ve alſo ſtars and ſhooters too,
iere thy ſervants both artilleries uſe.
s and prayers night and day do woo,
rk up to thee; yet thou doſt refuſe.
: but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
ch more oblig'd to do thy will,
en thou to grant mine: but becauſe
miſe now hath ev'n ſet thee thy laws.

e are ſhooters both, and thou doſt deign
: combat with us, and conteſt
ine own clay. But I would parley fain:
ot my arrows, and behold my breaſt.
if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
uſt be ſo, if I am mine.
ere is no article with thee:
finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-

¶ Church-rents and schismes.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more soul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious bloud
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your sev'ral parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enow to weep,
As many eyes as stars? Since it is night,
And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
And ev'n all *Africk*; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

¶ Just

¶ Juſtice.

readful Juſtice, what a fright and terrour
Waſt thou of old,
When ſin and errour
Did ſhow and ſhape thy looks to me,
And through their glaſs diſcolour thee!
t did but look up, was proud and bold.

ſhes of thy balance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and ſcape
Did like ſome tort'ring engine ſhow:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
g the ſtouteſt hearts, the proudeſt wits.

now that Chriſts pure vail preſents the ſight,
I ſee no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy ſcales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
g to heaven from this well of tears.

here before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promiſes have made thee mine:
Why ſhould I juſtice now decline?
ſt me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

avell'd on, ſeeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Deſperation
on th'one, and on the other ſide
The rock of Pride.

nd ſo I came to Phanſies meadow ſtrow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
o to Cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

hat led me to the wild of Paſſion, which
Some call the wold;
A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
ave one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Cloſe to my ſide.

t length I got unto the gladſom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart, and climbing ſtill,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
lake of brackiſh waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a ſting
Of ſwarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
et taking heart, I roſe, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

y hill was further: ſo I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Juſt as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, ſaid I,
fter ſo foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

¶ The

¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned to obſerve the ſtrict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might truſt in God to be my light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to truſt in him, was alſo his:
We muſt confeſs that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſs that he my ſuccour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſs
That we have nought. I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſs,
That all things are more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Becauſe thou art
My power and wiſdom. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and ſtory
Are both thy due: but I a ſilly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief?

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd u
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depai
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future bro
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

ıey ask enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mud
future depths, but drink the clear and good,
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

ın and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
ıis hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon deaths ſide:

ɔr death each hour environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
ıd care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe grounds,
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

lings preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
ı future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

ɔd chains the dog till night: wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow?
ilt thou foreſtall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy pain?

:her grief will not come; or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt:
ıd while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt:
My God hath promis'd; he is juſt.

¶ Praiſ

¶ Praise.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me:
Thou didſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt art
I will ſing thee;
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſins againſt me cried,
Thou didſt clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didſt hear me.

Sev'n whole daye, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relentedſt:
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poor ſort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternity is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

¶ An Offering.

e, bring thy gift. If bleſſings were as ſlow
mens returns, what would become of fools?
aſt thou there a heart? but is it pure?
well and ſee; for hearts have many holes.
pure heart is nothing to beſtow:
ſts two natures met to be thy cure.

vithin us hearts had propagation,
any gifts do challenge many hearts!
, if good, may title to a number;
gle things grow fruitful by deſerts.
ick judgments one may be a nation,
ce a plague, while others ſleep and ſlumber.

I fear, is leſt thy heart diſpleaſe,
ier good, nor one: ſo oft diviſions
ls have made, and not thy luſts alone;
ſions alſo have their ſet partitions.
arcel out thy heart: recover theſe,
ou mayſt offer many gifts in one.

s a balſam, or indeed a bloud, (cloſe
ng from heaven, which doth both cleanſe and
ts of wounds; of ſuch ſtrange force it is,
it this All-heal, and ſeek no repoſe,
hou find and uſe it to thy good:
ring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this;

SInce my ſadneſs
Into gladneſs
hou doſt convert,
O accept
What thou haſt kept,
ve deſert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give savour
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my grones,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they suck thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
my ſoul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
my words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

ook on my ſorrows round!
ll my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what ſhames!
Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

ord Jeſu, thou didſt bow
ng head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
r! *Shall he that made the ear,*
Not hear?

ehold, thy duſt doth ſtir;
, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou deferr
To ſuccour me,
of duſt, wherein each crumbe
Sayes, Come?

o thee help appertains.
u left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe?
r? *hath a ſinners plea*
No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I still'd
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide:
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosome pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, heal my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My love, my ſweetneſs, hear!
eſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
heal my troubled breſt, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ The Bag.

Way deſpair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

thou not heard that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd to light: and ſo one day
lid deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

Stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſpear,
The skie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they askt what he would wear;
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
iad new cloaths a making here below.

en he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inne,
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel ſin:
And having giv'n the reſt before,
he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a ſpear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his ſide,
And ſtraight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Fathers hands and ſight
(Believe me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will uſe me in this kind, the door
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomwhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Heark deſpair, away.

¶ The Jewes.

POor nation, whoſe ſweet ſap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in Baptiſme, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine alas!
Oh that ſome Angel might a trumpet ſound:
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry ſo loud, until the trump were drown
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your ſweet ſap might come again

¶ The Coller.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, no more;
I will abroad.
What? Shall I ever ſigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Looſe as the wind, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me blood, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with Cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my ſighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only loſt to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay! all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſight-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is *fit, and not*: forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy Law,
While ſt thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away; take heed.
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child*:
And I repli'd, *My Lord*.

¶ The Glimpſe.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'ſt but now; wilt thou ſo ſoon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and ſmart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight ſhould have
More skill in muſick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with leſſer crime:
Flow'rs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy ſhort abode and ſtay
Feeds not, but addes to the deſire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they ſay)
A neighbour ſpring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the ſprings acceſs grew much more great

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumb, and would not die,
But conſtant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A ſlender thread a gentle gueſt will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Muſt let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the ſtock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to ſpin,
The wheel ſhall go, ſo that thy ſtay be ſhort
Thou know'ſt how grief and ſin
Curb the work. O make me not their ſport,
By thy coming may be made a Court!

All

¶ Aſſurance.

O Spiteful bitter thought!
terly ſpiteful thought! couldſt thou invent
nigh a torture? Is ſuch poyſon bought?
ibtleſs, but in the way of puniſhment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No ſuch rank poyſon can there be.

Thou ſaid'ſt but even now,
t all was not ſo fair as I conceiv'd,
wixt my God and me; that I allow
l coyn large hopes: but that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or neer it;
And, that I had great cauſe to fear it.

And what to this? What more
ld poyſon, if it had a tongue, expreſs?
it is thy aim? Wouldſt thou unlock the door
:old deſpairs and gnawing penſiveneſs?
Wouldſt thou raiſe Devils? I ſee, I know,
I writ thy purpoſe long ago.

But I will to my Father,
o heard thee ſay it. O moſt gracious Lord,
l the hope and comfort that I gather,
e from my ſelf, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppoſe
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my deſert;
in this League, which now my foes invade,
u art not only to perform thy part,
alſo mine; as when the League was made.
Thou didſt at once thy ſelf endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fall,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtir, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall disband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat,
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for itſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my ſtrength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt:

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

¶ Cla

¶ Claſping of hands.

d thou art mine, and I am thine,
nine I am: and thine much more,
I or ought, or can be mine.
be thine, doth me reſtore;
t again I now am mine,
rith advantage mine the more:
his being mine, brings with it thine,
ıou with me doſt thee reſtore.
without thee would be mine,
ither ſhould be mine nor thine.

I am thine, and thou art mine:
ıe thou art, that ſomthing more
preſume the mine, then thine.
ou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
ee, but me, and to be mine:
rith advantage mine the more,
hou in death waſt none of thine,
en as mine didſt me reſtore.
e mine ſtill! ſtill make me thine:
rather make no Thine and Mine.

¶ Praiſe.

d, I will mean and ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy praiſe alone.
ıſie heart ſhall ſpin it all my daies:
ınd when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
will I wring it with a ſigh or groan,
hat thou mayſt yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runs it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou doſt bleſs, hath twelve: one wheel doth
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou doſt on buſineſs blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but ſtumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And ſtrugling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee imploy
In ruling all
The ſpacious Globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint, and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers near the top
Of ſome fair Church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody battel which thou once did trie)
The glaſs was full and more.

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
hat I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore;
at to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe and more!

¶ Joſephs Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I end'te,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
row hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will,
10 changeth all things as him pleaſ.th beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
long my many had his full career,
e it would carry with it ev'n my heart,
d both would run until they found a beer
To fetch the body; both being due to grief
t he hath ſpoild the race, and giv'n to anguiſh
e of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
linger in me, and together languiſh.
liye to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joyes* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made man,
ving a glaſs of bleſſings ſtanding by;
us (*ſaid he*) *pour on him all we can:*
the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made away;
:n beauty flow'd, then wiſdom, honour, pleaſure.
.en almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
ceiving that alone of all his treaſure
Reſt in the bottom lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
low this Jewel alſo on my creature,
would adore my gifts in ſtead of me,
d reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
t keep them with repining reſtleſsneſs:
t him be rich and weary, that at leaſt,
goodneſs lead him not, yet wearineſs
May toſs him to my breaſt.

¶ The Prieſthood.

) Leſt Order, which in power doſt ſo excel,
) That which th'one hand thou lifteſt to the skie,
id with the other throweſt down to hell
thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh,
in put thee on, exchanging my lay ſword
For that of th' holy word.

it thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
id I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
) wear thy habit, the ſevere attire
y ſlender compoſitions might conſume
.m both ſoul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

: have I often ſeen, by cunning hand
d force of fire what curious things are made
wretched earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
at earth is fitted by the fire and trade
skilful Artiſts, for the boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne're ſo great,
ne from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come;
hat at once both feeder, diſh, and meat
e one beginning and one final ſumme;
) not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

th' holy men of God ſuch veſſels are
erve him up, who all the world commands:
en God vouchſafeth to become our fare,
ir hands convey him, who conveys their hands;
hat pure things, moſt pure muſt thoſe things be
Who bring my God to me.

erefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
ough th' old ſins and new doctrines of our land.
y, ſince God doth often veſſels make
lowly matter for high uſes meet,
I throw me at his feet.

re will I lie, until my maker ſeek
ſome mean ſtuff whereon to ſhow his skill:
n is my time. The diſtance of the meek
h flatter power. Leſt good come ſhort of ill
raiſing might, the poor do by ſubmiſſion
What pride by oppoſition.

¶ The Search.

r Hither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love ?
rches are my daily bread ;
Yet never prove.

es pierce th' earth, mine eyes the skie :
And yet the ſphere
iter both to me deny
That thou art there.

n I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay ;
o meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

n I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
ing keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep-drawn in pain,
d like an arrow : but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

d another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
ſe the ſearch was dumb before :
But all was one.

doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour wins,
eeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſins ?

ere is my God? What hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
at covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

t not that of any thing:
Let rather braſs,
teel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſs.

will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought:
it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

y will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
: and weſt touch, the poles do kiſs,
And parallels meet.

ce then my grief muſt be as large,
As is thy ſpace,
y diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

ake theſe bars, theſe lengths away:
Turn, and reſtore me:
not Almighty, let me ſay,
Againſt, but *for me.*

hen thou doſt turn, and wilt be near;
What edge ſo keen,
hat point ſo piercing can appear
To come between?

r as thy abſence doth excel
All diſtance known:
doth thy nearneſs bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief.

Who will give me tears? Come all ye ſprings
Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds and r
grief hath need of all the watry things,
it nature hath produc'd. Let every vein
k up a river to ſupply mine eyes,
weary weeping eyes to dry for me,
leſs they get new conduits, new ſupplies
bear them out, and with my ſtate agree.
iat are two ſhallow fords, two little ſpouts
a leſs world? The greater is but ſmall,
arrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
ich want proviſion in the midſt of all.
ſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
my rough ſorrows: ceaſe, be dumb and mut
e up your feet and running to mine eyes,
l keep your meaſures for ſome lovers lute,
oſe grief allows him muſick and a rhyme:
mine excludes both meaſure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God:

¶ The Croſs.

WHat is this ſtrange & uncouth thing
make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint and die,
il I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not only I,
all my wealth and family might combine
et thy honour up, as our deſign.

And then when after much delay,
ich wraſtling, many a combate, this dear end,
much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to ſerve thee; to unbend
! my abilities, my deſigns confound,
id lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my bones,
rother in my ſoul (the memory
hat I would do for thee, if once my groans
Could be allow'd for harmony)
m in all a weak diſabled thing,
ve in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my will,
'n when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:
ou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
) that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
m to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
arther from it then when I bent my bow:
o make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
in the midſt of delicates to need,
nd ev'n in Paradiſe to be a weed.

Ah my dear father, eaſe my ſmart!
heſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſs actions
o wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
re properly a Croſs felt by thy Son,
Vith but four words, my words, Thy will be done.

¶ The Flower.

How freſh, O Lord, how ſweet and clean
thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in ſpring;
To which, beſides their own demean,
late-paſt froſts tributes of pleaſure bring.
Grief melts away
Like ſnow in May,
As if there were no ſuch cold thing.

Who would have thought my ſhrivel'd heart
ld have recover'd greenneſs? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
ee their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather
Dead to the world, keep houſe unknown.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of power,
ng and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
ing a chiming of a paſſing-bell.
We ſay amiſs,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could ſpell.

O that I once paſt changing were,
in thy Paradiſe, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I ſhoot up fair,
ing at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a ſpring-ſhowre,
My ſins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a ſtraight line.
l upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
at froſt to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
er ſo many deaths I live and write,
I once more ſmell the due and rain,
l reliſh verſing. O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
make us ſee we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
ou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

Alſe glozing pleaſures, casks of happineſs,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
ıſes in Arras, gilded emptineſs,
dows well mounted, dreams in a career,
oroider'd lyes, nothing between to diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.

ıe earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
ıuiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
e-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
lain demonſtrations, evident and clear,
hing their proofs ev'n from the very bones
Theſe are the ſorrows here.

But Oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsom den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true.
Then miseries are here!

¶ The Son.

Let forraign Nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To Parents issue and the Suns bright Star!
A Son is light and fruit: a fruitful flame
Chasing the Fathers dimness, carri'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of man.*

¶ A true Hymn.

My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somwhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With only this, My joy, my life, my crown!

Yet ſlight not theſe few words:
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſs which a Hymn or Pſalm affords,
is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomwhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be mov'd,
Although the Verſe be ſomwhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the want:
As when th' heart ſays, (ſighing to be approv'd)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Lov'd.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and end
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer friends,
Flies of eſtates and ſunſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the skie;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſetling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more then

A Dialogue-Antheme.

Christian. Death.

Chr. ALas, poor death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient fi

Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of feare!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt hereby?
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee acc

Dea. *Let losers talk: yet thou shalt die:*
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no mo

¶ Thy Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'raign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou mayst him adore,
Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
or chooſing *Barabbas* a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own eſtate,
ll home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtory.

He that doth love, and love amiſs,
his worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
houſands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorry wedding
ſtween his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
or he hath ſold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
nd judge our ſelves. That light which ſin and paſſion
Did before dim and choak,
When once thoſe ſnuffs are ta'n away,
ines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloak.

¶ Bitter-ſweet.

H my dear angry Lord!
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike,
ſt down, yet help afford;
e I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praiſe;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my ſower-ſweet days
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

WHen firſt thy ſweet and gracious ey
Vouchſaf'd ev'n in the midſt of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in ſin:
I felt a ſugred ſtrange delight,
Paſſing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ſtorm
My ſoul hath felt, ev'n able to deſtroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His ſwing and ſway:
But ſtill thy ſweet original joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my ſoul,
And ſurging griefs, when they grew bold, contr
And got the day.

If thy firſt glance ſo powerful bee,
A mirth but open'd, and ſeal'd up again;
What wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of pain,
And one aſpect of thine ſpend in delight
More than a thouſand ſuns diſburſe in light
In heav'n above!

¶ The 23. Pſalm.

THe God of love my ſhepherd is
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſs,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſs
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my deſert,
But for his holy name,

Yea, in deaths ſhady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaff to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my en'mies ſight:
My head with oyle, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes:
And as it never ſhall remove
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

Mary Magdalen.

WHen bleſſed *Mary* wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whoſe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a Jewel on her head:
Shewing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive humbleneſs would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd her ſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept ſhe not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like Seas, our ſins are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear ſoul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her ſins did waſh
Ev'n God himſelf: wherefore ſhe was not loth,
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

¶ Aaron.

HOlineſs on the head,
Light and perfections on the breaſt,
Harmonious bells below, raiſing the dead
To lead them unto life and reſt;
Thus are true *Aarons* dreſt.

Profaneneſs in my head,
Defects and darkneſs in my breſt
A noiſe of paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reſt;
Poor Prieſt thus am I dreſt!

Onely another head
're, another heart and breaſt,
her muſick, making live, not dead,
ithout whom I could have no reſt:
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my onely head,
y alone onely heart and breaſt,
nely muſick, ſtriking me ev'n dead:
nat to the old man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my head,
rfect and light in my dear breaſt,
loctrine tun'd by Chriſt, (who is not dead,
it lives in me while I do reſt)
Come people; *Aaron*'s dreſt.

¶ The Odour. 2 *Cor.* 2.

Ow ſweetly doth *My Maſter* ſound *My Maſter*?
As Amber-griſe leaves a rich ſcent
Unto the taſter:
So do theſe words a ſweet content,
oriental fragrancy, *My Maſter*.

h theſe all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thruſt into them both;
That I might find
What Cordials make this curious broth,
s broth of ſmells, that feeds and fats my mind.

Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? Oh that to thee
My Servant were a little ſo,
As fleſh may be;
That theſe two words might creep and g
me degree of ſpicineſs to thee!

Then ſhould the Pomander, which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter then before.

For when *My Maſter*, which alone is ſweet,
And even in my unworthineſs pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not diſpleaſing;
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This breathing would with gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee:
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ and buſie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of vertue, and each ſhining grace
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.
God hath made Stars the foil
To ſet off virtues, griefs to ſet off ſinning;
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

¶ The Forerunners

THe Harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark
Those ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſs turn me to a clod?
Come they left me, *Thou art* ſtill *my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſs not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear,
He will be pleaſed with that ditty;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors,
But will you leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, ſugar-cane,
Honey of roſes, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath ſome fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſtie?
Fie, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy ſelf, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, cloath their ſhame
Let folly ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſs not; take your way:
For, *Thou art ſtill my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embelliſhment can ſay.
Go birds of ſpring: let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſs chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

¶ The Roſe.

Reſs me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of fugred lies,
l to uſe a larger meaſure
Then my ſtrict yet welcome ſize.

t, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
ſhing woes, that look as clear
As if they could beauty ſpare.

f ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
re are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſs'd my right way.

I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
y take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

t is fairer then a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
ings enmity diſcloſe,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

:n all the worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
tly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

s flow'r doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
:y *all* produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyſick chuſe:
Only though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

¶ Diſcipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts deſire
Unto thine is bent:
I aſpire
To a full conſent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot;
Love's a man of war
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from far,

o can ſcape his bow?
it which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low.
:ds muſt work on me.

:ow away thy rod;
ough man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
:ow away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

Ome ye hither, all whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
re your coſt and mend your fare,
d is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt;
d in whom all dainties are.
me ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,
ming you not to your good:
:ep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
hich before ye drink is blood.
me ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
inging all your ſins to ſight:
ıſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
ıd on ſin doth caſt the fright.
me ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
hile ye graze without your bounds:
:re is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
Good the lower grounds.

ye hither all whoſe love
Is your dove,
xalts you to the skie:
s love, which having breath,
Ev'n in death,
leath can never die.
I have invited all,
And I ſhall
ıyite, ſtill call to thee:
ſeems but juſt and right
In my ſight,
: is all, there all ſhould be.

¶ The Banquet.

! Elcome ſweet and ſacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell;
y neatneſs paſſeth ſight,
Thy delight
ı tongue to taſte or tell.
t ſweetneſs from the bowl
Fills my ſoul,
s is, and makes divine!
: ſtar fled (from the ſphere)
Melted there,
ſugar melt in wine?
h ſweetneſs in the bread
Made a head.
due the ſmell of ſin;
's, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
: enemy ſhould win?

Doubtleſs neither ſtar nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſs to impart:
Only God who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſcented;
God, to ſhew how far his love,
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
delights of earth was drown'd;
od took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
d ſo found me on the ground.

aving rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
weetly he doth meet my taſte,
t I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Far from Court,
ne becomes a wing at laſt.

with it alone I flie
To the skie
:re I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
t I ſeek, for what I ſue
Him I view,
hath done ſo much for me.

the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
take up my lines and life:
rken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
ve in this, and love the ſtrife.

¶ The Poſie.

Let wits conteſt,
with their words and poſies windows fill:
Leſs then the leaſt
ll thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

This on my ring,
; by my picture, in my book I write.
Whether I ſing,
ay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt,
iparisons go play, wit uſe thy will:
Leſs then the leaſt
ll Gods mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

¶ A Parodie.

uls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
auſe thou doſt abide with me,
nd I depend on thee;

when thou doſt ſuppreſs
The chearfulneſs
Of thy abode,
in my powers not ſtir abroad,
t leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
an so afflict or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sin appear;
nd when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While sin doth rave,
And falsly boast,
hat I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
hat Sin sayes true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
nd what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
[illegible] to make thee prepollest,
[illegible] it his perfection.

that looks on glaſs,
nay ſtay his eye;
pleaſeth, through it paſs,
ıen the heav'n eſpie.

ıy of thee partake:
ıg can be ſo mean,
ith this tincture (*for thy ſake*)
ot grow bright and clean.

ant with this clauſe
drudgery divine.
eps a room, as for thy laws,
that and th' action fine.

the famous ſtone
urneth all to gold:
which God doth touch and own
t for leſs be told.

¶ A Wreath.

eathed garland of deſerved praiſe,
ɔraiſe deſerved unto thee I give,
hee, who knoweſt all my ways,
ked winding ways wherein I live,
I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
as a line, and ever tends to thee,
who art more far above deceit,
eit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
ſimplicity, that I may live,
ıd like, that I may know thy ways;
ım and practice them: then ſhall I give
ɔoor wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

¶ Dear

¶ Death.

Eath, thou waſt once an uncouth hidious thing,
Nothing but bones,
The ſad effect of ſadder grones:
mouth was open, but thou couldſt not ſing.

we conſider'd thee, as at ſome ſix
Or ten years hence,
After the loſs of life and ſenſe,
h being turn'd to duſt, and bones to ſticks.

lookt on this ſide of thee, ſhooting ſhort;
Where we did find
The ſhels of fledge ſouls left behind,
r duſt, which ſheds no tears, but may extort.

ſince our Saviours death did put ſome blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
ch in requeſt, much ſought for as a good.

r we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms day;
When ſouls ſhall wear their new array,
ıd all thy bones with beauty ſhall be clad.

ıerefore we can go die as ſleep, and truſt
Half that we have
Unto an honeſt faithful grave;
ıking our pillows either down or duſt.

¶ Do

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
mon all the duſt to riſe,
t ſtir, and rub the eyes;
le this member jogs the other,
one whiſpring, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
e this the day.
, alaſs, no muſick feels,
thy trumpet: then it kneels,
eculiar notes and ſtrains
e Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay.
the graves make their confeſſion.
at length they plead poſſeſſion:
hes ſtubbornneſs may have
d that leſſon to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth ſtray
ne to winds their body lend,
l in them may drown a friend:
ne in noyſome vapours grow
a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
n is out of order hurl'd,
cell'd out to all the world,
rd, *thy* broken conſort raiſe,
the muſick ſhall be praiſe.

¶ Judgment.

Lmighty Judge, how ſhall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
: an heart of Iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book ?
at others mean to do, I know not well,
Yet I here tell,
t ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſin,
That they in merit ſhall excell.
I reſolve when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
. thruſt a Teſtament into thy hand ;
Let that be ſcann'd :
There thou ſhalt find my faults are thine.

¶ Heaven.

Who will ſhew me thoſe delights on high ?
Echo. *I.*
u Echo, thou art mortal, all men know,
Echo. *No.*
t thou not born among the trees and leaves ?
Echo. *Leaves.*
are there any leaves that ſtill abide ?
Echo. *Bide.*
t leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
holy leaves the Echo then of bliſs ?
Echo. *Yes.*
ı tell me, what is that ſupreme delight ?
Echo. Light.

: to the mind: what ſhall the will enjoy?
Echo. Joy.
re there cares and buſineſs with the pleaſure?
Echo. Leiſure.
t, joy, and leiſure; but ſhall they perſevere?
Echo. Ever.

¶ Love.

)ve bade me welcome: yet my ſoul drew back,
Guilty of duſt and ſin.
quick-ey'd Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
v nearer to me, ſweetly queſtioning
If I lack'd any thing.

ieſt, I anſwer'd, worthy to be here;
Love ſaid, You ſhall be he.
: unkind, ungrateful; Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
e took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

th Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
I know you not, ſayes Love, who bore the blame
My dear, then I will ſerve.
i muſt ſit down, ſayes Love, and taſte my meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

THE CHURCH MILITA

Almighty Lord, who from thy glorious t
Seest and ruleſt all things ev'n as one:
The ſmalleſt Ant or Atome knows thy p
Known alſo to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Common-wealths acknowled
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouſe doth pr
Not the degrees of power but bands of love.
Early didſt thou ariſe to plant this Vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſ
Trim as the light, ſweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* ſhady vine, chaſt as the dove;
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love;
The courſe was weſtward, that the Sun might l
As well our underſtanding as our ſight.
Where th' Ark did reſt, thence *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark to *Canaan*.
Moſes purſu'd this: but King *Solomon*
Finiſht and fixt the old religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jewes did hope in vai
By nailing Chriſt to faſten it again,
But to the Gentiles he bore croſs and all,
Rending with earth-quakes the partition wall
Onely where as the Ark in glory ſhone,
Now with the croſs, as with a ſtaff alone,
Religion, like a Pilgrim, weſtward bent
Knocking at all doors ever as ſhe went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his flight,
Liſtens behind him, and allows ſome light,

depart: ſo went the Church her way,
;, while one foot ſtept, the other ſtay
; the eaſtern nations for a time,
:h removed to the weſtern clime.
pt firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
:rs of anger once, but now of love.
1 Commandments there did flouriſh more
he ten bitter plagues had done before.
Macarius and great *Antony*
'haraoh Moſes, changing th' Hiſtory.
was darkneſs, *Egypt* full of lights,
or Monſters brought forth Iſraelites.
ower hath mighty Baptiſm to produce
ings miſhapen, things of higheſt uſe
ar to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
on thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
ier the higheſt place in all mens hearts.
ng was pos'd, Philoſophy was ſet,
ters taken in a Fiſhers net,
nd *Ariſtotle* were at a loſs,
heel'd about again to ſpell *Chriſts-Croſs*.
's chas'd Syllogiſms into their den,
rgo was transform'd into *Amen*.
;h *Greece* took horſe as ſoon as *Egypt* did,
ome as both; yet *Egypt* faſter rid,
ent her period and prefixed time
: the other *Greece* being paſt her prime,
on went to *Rome*, ſubduing thoſe,
hat they might ſubdue, made all their foes.
'arriour his dear skars no more reſounds,
:ms to yield Chriſt hath the greater wounds;
ds willingly endur'd to work his bliſs,
oy an ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.
reat heart ſtoups, and taketh from the duſt
epentance, not the ſpoils of luſt;

Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a Scepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year,
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort th
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtrugling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) until it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſs Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtill; and point us out the place
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a Garden then
Then ſhowres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a Crown to keep her ſtate,
nd not go leſs then ſhe had done of late.
nſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
id did this myſtery wrap up and fold
thin a ſheet of paper, which was rent
om times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
s both the Church and Sun together ran
o the fartheſt old meridian.
Dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
about one and the ſame time and place,
where and when the Church began her race,
d ſet out of Eaſtern *Babylon*,
'avell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on

hurch away, where e're he came,
peace, and tainting her good name.
to *Egypt*, and did ſow
ods, which every year did grow;
deities. They were at great coſt,
l clearly a ſallet loſt.
ing is man devoid of grace,
ick with an humble face,
ood of that which he may eat,
while he worſhipped his meat!
root his god, how low is he,
an be ſever'd infinitely!
dneſs can give him any room,
s foul, while he adores his broom?
eve this now, though many be
tranſplanted foolerie.
gypt ſneaked for a while;
is an Ox or Crocodile,
r game. Thence he to *Greece* doth paſs;
after much then goodneſs was,
l him Garriſons of ſins,
l that which ev'ry day he wins.
heart, and for a garden-bed
nd oracles he purchaſed:
lant, and would needs foretell
hould befall, as what befell.
e a Poet, and would ſerve
limate in that conſerve.
me both with hands and purſes full
lottery, and all would pull.
orious cheating, brave deceit;
oor truths were ſhuffled for a bait
, and to diſcredit thoſe
n ſhould braver truths diſcloſe.
e went to *Rome*: and as before
now he's an Emperour,

Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Roman ſphere.
Glory was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew c
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mighty flam
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the gam
Diſparking oracles and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure:
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy
Cheat the moſt ſubtil nations. Who ſo coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their heart
Are given over for their curious Arts,
To ſuch Mahometane ſtupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy Counſels are!
Who may with thee c
Onely the Weſt and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her coſt.
Sin, being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one nig
To be a Church-man too, and wear a Miter:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn write
I ſaw him in his ſtudy, where he ſate
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well
His grave Aſpect had more of Heav'n, then I
Only there was an handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As ſin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperour
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſs
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three Offices:
The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and ſphere.

Egypt he took petty deities,
Greece oracular infallibilities,
om old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
: dispensings of the Churches treasure.
in memorial of his ancient throne,
surname his palace *Babylon*.
iat he might the better gain all nations,
ake that name good by their transmigrations;
ill these places, but at divers times,
k fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
Egypt Anchorism and retiredness,
ng from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelines:
ending these, he carried all mens eyes,
truth sat by, counting his victories:
by he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
rce as once did captivate the Jews;
. bewitch, and finely work each nation
voluntary transmigration.
te to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
t' his publick foot or private tricks.
ot fit his gravity to stir,
long journey, nor his gout and fur.
ore he sent out able Ministers.
ien within, without doors Cloisterers:
ithout spear, or sword, or other drumme
hat was in their tongue, did overcome;
ving conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
ie whole world did seem but the Popes *Mule*.
and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;
i together are one Antichrist,
h two faces, as their *Janus* was:
i this their old crackt looking-glass.
w to me, O God, thy Counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
triumphs in Western *Babylon*;
Sin, but as Religion

Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and grace.
They are Hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are ſins nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the Copy ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So, though ſin made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt;
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay it ſhall ev'ry year decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſs do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd,
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and *Jewry* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
(The marks of future bane) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up:
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreames:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her Calendar of ſins fulfill;
Whereby one may foretel, what ſins next year
Shall both in France and *England* domineer;
Then ſhall Religion to *America* flee

ave their times of Goſpel, even as we.
l, thou doſt prepare for them a way,
ying firſt their gold from them away:
d and grace did never yet agree:
n alwaies ſides with povertie:
ık we rob them, but we think amiſs:
more poor, and they more rich by this.
ilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
our debts, and leave our ancient place
o them, while that which now their nation
ls to us, ſhall be our deſolation.
he Church ſhall thither weſtward flie,
all trace and dog her inſtantly:
ave their period alſo and ſet times
their virtuous actions and their crimes.
ere of old the Empire and the Arts
the Goſpel ever in mens hearts,
th done one; when Arts perform the other,
urch ſhall come, & ſin the Church ſhall ſmo-
hen they have accompliſhed the round, (ther:
t in th' Eaſt their firſt and ancient ſound,
nt may meet them both & ſearch them round.
both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
ne another, and together run.
ſo Sin and Darkneſs follow ſtill
urch and Sun with all their power and skill.
he Sun ſtill goes both Weſt and Eaſt;
did the Church by going Weſt
ſtward go; becauſe it drew more near
: and place, where judgment ſhall appear.
r to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L'Envoy

L'Envoy.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make war to ce
With the other bleſs thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not ſin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold,
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſs is common wood.
Choke him let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſts and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed three in o

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FINIS.

THE

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OR THE

HADOW

OF THE

MPLE.

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te Ejaculations.

In imitation of
George Herbert.

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A ſtepping ſtone to the threſhold of Mr. Herberts *Church-porch.*

WHat Church is this? Chriſts Church. Who built
Maſter *George Herbert.* Who aſſiſted it? (ded it
Many aſſiſted: who I may not ſay,
So much contention might ariſe that way.
If I ſay grace gave all, wit ſtraight doth thwart,
And ſaies, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and ſaies, There's nothing there but's mine!
Nor can I eaſily the right define.
Divide: ſay, Grace the matter gave, and Wit
Did poliſh it: Art meaſur'd, and made fit
Each ſev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.
No, by no means: this may not pleaſe them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expreſſions, and the meaſures,
Are equally arts, wits, and graces treaſures.
Then he, that would impartially diſcuſs
This doubtful queſtion, muſt anſwer thus:
In building of his Temple Maſter *Herbert*
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.
Roman and Grecian Muſes all give way:
One Engliſh Poem darkens all your day.

The Dedication.

Ord, my firſt fruits ſhould have been ſent to thee
For thou the tree
at bare them, only lenteſt unto me.

t, while I had the uſe, the fruit was mine:
Not ſo divine,
that I dare preſume to call it thine.

fore 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground:
And ſince I found
ruiſed in the dirt, nor clean, nor ſound.

me I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'ſt how
idly I would, but dare not it avow.

:h as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the beſt,
Accept the reſt.
y pardon and acceptance maketh bleſt.

The Church-yard.

THou, that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come take a turn, or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Church-yard; the walk is in the way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his deaths indentures.

The Church-ſtile.

SEeſt thou that ſtile? Obſerve then how it riſes,
Step after ſtep, and equally deſcends:
Such is the way to win Celeſtial prizes:
Humility the courſe begins, and ends.
Wouldſt thou in grace to high perfections grow
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations l

Humble thy ſelf, and God will lift thee up:
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down;
The hungry he invites with him to ſup,
And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him woul
His labour's loſt, if thou thy ſelf canſt ſave. (ha

Pride is the prodigality of grace.
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The Church-gate.

to the ſtile, ſee where the gate doth ſtand,
ich turning upon hooks and hinges may
e ſhut, or open'd with an hand;
ſtant to its center ſtill doth ſtay,
etching a wide compaſs round about,
the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.

ıſt the courſe be that to heaven tends,
the gates of righteouſneſs would enter,
I continue conſtant to his ends,
himſelf in God, as in his center.
'e cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
:tion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.

er wander, till we loſe our hold
that is our way, our light, our guide:
en we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
:'d from him, we quickly turn aſide.
ılds us up, whilſt in him we are found:
ce we fall from him we go to ground.

The Church-walls.

r view the walls: the Church is compaſs'd (round,
much for ſafety, as for ornament;
incloſure, and no common ground:
ds free-hold, and but our tenement.
nts at will, and yet in tail, we be:
:hildren have the ſame right to't as we.

ber there muſt be no gaps left ope,
God hath fenc'd, for fear of falſe illuſions.

God will have all, or none: allows no ſcope
For ſins incroachments, or mens own intruſions.
Cloſe binding locks his Laws together faſt:
He that plucks out the firſt, pulls down the laſt

Either reſolve for all or elſe for none:
Obedience univerſal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt take aym
He that of purpoſe looks beſide the mark,
Might as well hood-winck't ſhoot, or in the d

The Church.

LAſtly, conſider where the Church doth ſtand
As near unto the middle as may be:
God in his ſervice chiefly doth command,
Above all other things ſincerity.
Lines drawn from ſide to ſide within a round,
Not meeting in the center, ſhort are found.

Religion muſt not ſide with any thing,
That ſwerves from God, or elſe withdraws from
He that a welcome ſacrifice would bring,
Muſt fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A ſacred Temple of the Holy Ghoſt,
Each part of man muſt be, but his heart moſt.

Hypocriſie in Church is Alchimy,
That caſts a golden tincture upon braſs;
There is no eſſence in it: 'tis a lye,
Though fairly ſtamp't for truth it often paſs:
Only the ſpirits aqua regia doth
Diſcover it to be but painted froth.

The Church-porch.

NOw, e're thou paſſeſt further, ſit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou haſt (ſeen;
Let due conſideration either crown,
Or cruſh, thy former purpoſes. Between
Raſh undertakings, and firm reſolutions,
Depends the ſtrength, or weakneſs, of concluſions.

Trace thy ſteps backward in thy memory:
And firſt reſolve of, what thou heardeſt laſt,
Sincerity; it blots the hiſtory
Of all religious actions, and doth blaſt
The comfort of them, when in them God ſees
Nothing but out-ſides of formalities.

In earneſt be religious, trifle not:
And rather for Gods ſake, than for thine own:
Thou haſt rob'd him, unleſs that he have got,
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who ſeeketh more
Himſelf than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to ſincerity, remember ſtill,
Thou muſt reſolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou haſt, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that ſhould have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou muſt receive
All that he gives. Mete his Commandment:
Reſolve that thine obedience muſt not leave,
Until it reach unto the ſame extent.

For all his Precepts are of equal ſtrength,
And meaſure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that conſtancy muſt knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions faſt:
He that ſets forth tow'rds heaven, and doth ſit
Down by the way, will be found ſhort at laſt.
Be conſtant to the end, and thou ſhalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly gra

But he, that would be conſtant, muſt not take
Religion up by fits, and ſtarts alone;
But his continual practice muſt it make:
His courſe muſt be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again,
Loſe of their length, though in their ſtrengt

Laſtly, remember that Humility
Muſt ſolidate, and keep all cloſe together,
What pride puffs up with vain futility,
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Anothers worth, but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy ſpiritual ſtate,
And others graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemeſt of thy ſelf, the leſs
Eſteem of thee will all men elſe expreſs.

Contract thy leſſon now, and this is juſt
The ſum of all, He that deſires to ſee
The face of God, in his Religion muſt
Sincere, entire, conſtant, and humble be.
If thus reſolved, fear not to proceed:
Elſe the more haſte thou mak'ſt, the worſe

Church-utenſils.

Etwixt two dang'rous rocks, Prophaneneſs on
Th' one ſide, on th' other Superſtition,
How ſhall I ſail ſecure?
Lord, be my ſteerſ-man, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves orewhelm
My ſails, I will endure
tiently. The bottom of the Sea
ſe enough, if thou direct the way.

ıg my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,
cry a fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to deſpiſe my rhymes;
Becauſe they tune not to the times;
I wiſh may not intrude
ɔreſence here. But they (and that's enough)
› love Gods houſe, will like his houſhold ſtuff.

The Font.

ıe Font, I ſay. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of ſtone?
: that bleſſed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
ch from ſin and uncleanneſs waſheth clear?

may not beggars well contented be
Their firſt alms at the door to take?
ıgh, when acquainted better they may ſee
Others within that bolder make.
places will ſerve gueſts of low degree.

What

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-bloud run forth?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?
Though the odds be great between theis wo
Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter; yet, until
The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comliness
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:
Yet I will hug mine homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal, and instrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's as fœderal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,
By cov'nants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs, be not affraid,
My soul, to rest upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience;
When ever practis'd truly will amount
To an authentick evidence,
Though th' deed were antidated at the Font.

The reading Pue,

Ere my new enter'd ſoul doth firſt break faſt,
Here ſeaſoneth her infant taſt,
id at her mother-nurſe the Churches dugs
With lab'ring lips and tongue ſhe tugs.
r that ſincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal ſeed:
o, that they may unto perfection grow,
uſt be content to creep before they go.

hey, that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpoſe to obtrude
me dictates of their own, inſtead of Gods,
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
hey do not mean to pay men currant coyn,
Who ſeek the ſtandard to purloyn,
nd would reduce all tryals to their own,
oth touch-ſtones, ballances, and weights, alone.

hat reaſonable man would not miſdoubt
Thoſe Comments, that the text leave out?
nd that their main intent is alteration,
Who doat ſo much on variation,
hat no ſet Forms at all they can endure
To be preſcrib'd, or put in ure?
ejecting bounds and limits is the way,
not all waſte, yet common all to lay.

ut, why ſhould he, that thinks himſelf well grown,
Be diſcontent that ſuch a one,
s knows himſelf an infant yet, ſhould be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
nd babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More ſtrength and ſtomach? Why ſhould not
Nurſlin

Nurſlings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind?

Let them that would build caſtles in the air,
Vault thither, without ſtep or ſtair,
Inſtead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works l,
May in good time build high, and ſure, though ſlow.

To take degrees, *per ſaltum*, though of quick
Diſpatch, is but a truants trick.
Let us learn firſt to know our letters well,
Then ſyllables, then words to ſpell;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not alwaies true,
Whoſe way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

The Book of Common Prayer.

WHat Pray'r by th' Book? And Commoi
Yes, Why nc
The ſpirit of grace,
And ſupplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or ſpeak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that praies
With's heart, that with his mouth he ſaies.

They that in private by themſelves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they pleaſe,
In chooſing of the waies,

Wh

Wherein to make
r ſouls moſt intimate affections known
To him that ſees in ſecret, when
Th'are moſt conceal'd from other men.

he that unto others leads the way
In publick pray'r,
Should chooſe to do it ſo,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
une their hearts unto his tongue, and ſay
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaſpheme, when they ſhould have pray'd.

otion will adde life unto the letter.
And why ſhould not
That, which Authority
Preſcribes, eſteemed be
Advantage got?
h' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As ſenſe, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

The Bible.

He Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
ıe ſhould do aright, ſhall never need
Wiſh for a better light
To guide him in the night:

when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
ıe bring ſtomach and digeſtion good.

And if he be amiſs,
This the beſt Phyſick is.

The true Panchreſton 'tis for ev'ry ſore,
And ſickneſs, which
The poor, and rich
With equal eaſe may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An antidote, as well
As remedy 'gainſt Hell.

'Tis heaven in perſpective, and the bliſs
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whilſt faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glaſs of ſouls, wherein
All men may ſee,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature th'are, deform'd with ſin;
Or in a better caſe,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of ſpir'tual arms,
Wherein doth lye
Th' artillerie
Of heaven ready charg'd againſt all harms.
That might come by the blowes
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counſel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd ſo,
That every man may know which ſhall be his;
Unleſs his own miſtake
Falſe application make.

ndex to *Eternity.*
He cannot miſs
Of endleſs bliſs
es this chart to ſteer his voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this Book.

to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence:
Preeminence
to it, and cannot be ſhar'd.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

look of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
that expreſſion, as too bold,
His thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till he finds ſuch another.

The Pulpit.

inner time: and now I look
a full meal. God ſend me a good Cook
s is the dreſſer bord, and here
expectation of good chear.
ſure the Maſter of the houſe
to entertain his gueſts allows:
enough of ſome one ſort alone,
ce of what beſt fitteth ev'ry one.

l grant me taſte and ſtomach good:
ing will diverſifie my food,
a good appetite to eat,
t digeſtion, that makes good meat.

The beſt food in it ſelf will be,
Not ſed on well, poyſon, not food, to me.
Let him that ſpeaks look to his words; my ear
Muſt careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of Heaven, Angels food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine: where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himſelf, but what he ſhould.

Here the ſame fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the wort
Of all tranſcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitneſs anſwerable; ſo,
That none needs hence unſatisfied go,
Whoſe ſtomach ſerves him unto any thing,
That health, ſtrength, comfort, or content ca

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilſt they ſpare
To come and take it, they muſt blame
Themſelves, if they continue ſtill the ſame.
The body's fed by food, which it
Aſſimilates, and to it ſelf doth fit:
But, that the ſoul may feed, it ſelf muſt be
Transformed to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the ſtrongeſt men muſt be
As new born babes, when ever they it ſee,
Deſiring, not deſpiſing it.
For ſtrong meat babes muſt ſtay, and ſtrive to
The ſame in time, until they can

et by degrees (which beſt beſeem a man)
xperience-exerciſed ſenſes, able
ood to diſcern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I ſee
he ſteward reaching out a meſs for me,
Reſolve I'll take it thankfully,
hat e're it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamins* choice meſs,
ive times as much as others, but far leſs;
ea, if't be but a basket full of crums,
'll bleſs the hand, from which, by which, it com

Like an invited gueſt, I will
e bold, but mannerly withal, ſit ſtill
And ſee what th' Maſter of the feaſt
ill carve unto me, and account that beſt,
Which he doth chooſe for me, not I
y ſelf deſire: yea, though I ſhould eſpy
ome fault in th' dreſſing, in the diſhing, or
he placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholſom, though
he ſauce ſhall not be toothſome, I'll not go
Empty away, and ſtarve my ſoul,
To feed my fooliſh fancy; but controul
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft inſtead of ſtrength diſeaſes brings:
But, if my Pulpit-hopes ſhall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

The Communion Table.

HEre ſtands my banquet ready, the laſt courſ
And beſt proviſion,
That I muſt feed upon,
Till death my ſoul and body ſhall divorce,

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.
The name I stick not at:
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it was made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or mettal, what will last, or fade;
So vanity,
And superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round:
If close it be,
Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet; methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greatest decency,
And that which maketh most for union:
But needlessly
To vary, tends to th' breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a partie make
For faction,
Or side, but seemingly, in th' action.

mmunion I wiſh I might
Have no cauſe to ſuſpect
Any, the leaſt, defect
:y and peace, either in ſight
Apparently,
iens hearts concealed ſecretly.

which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not it ſelf appear,
ı but appear, diſtinctly divers. None
Too much can ſee
ıt, when moſt, yet but enough can be.

:s will diſſent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may
As hath been done alway,
ieſt, and moſt; I will my ſelf do ſo,
Of one accord
vants ſhould be of one God, one Lord.

Communion Plate.

:r was gold, or ſilver, graced thus
Before.
g this body, and this blood, to us,
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
like diamonds to glitter in.

ious ſtones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
f *pearls* diſſolved would but dead
This wine.
This heav'nly food

Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.
For ſuch ineſtimable treaſure can
There be
Veſſels too coſtly made by any man;
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wiſh to ſee it richly ſerved in.
Although 'tis true, that ſanctitie's not ty'd
To ſtate,
Yet ſure Religion ſhould not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be ſet forth,
As beſt becomes the ſervice of a King.

A King unto whoſe croſs all Kings muſt vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full courſe ſtrike ſail
Whoſe frowns,
And ſmiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.
A King, whoſe will is juſtice: and whoſe wot
Is pow'r,
And wiſdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of ſervice truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to ſpeak eternity of bliſs.

When ſuch a King offers to come to me,
As food,
I ſuppoſe his carriages can be

Too good?
No: Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
nough, to be employed ſo.

it wiſh then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
n what the Sun might bluſh to ſhed
His ſhine,
When he ſhould ſee:
But, till that be,
ontented with it, as it is.

Church-Officers.

Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
nder matter to be touch't.
ee to ſay any thing amiſs,
ich is not fit to be avouch't,
pect whole ſwarms of waſpes to ſting me,
no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me.

uld have none in Church do any thing,
fficers, but gifted men:
to the number more would bring,
n I ſee warrant for: So then,
ſay, 'tis like, will cenſur'd be,
prejudice, or partiality.

o matter; If men cenſure me,
y but my fellow ſervants are:
l allows us all like liberty,
ite, mine own thoughts to declare,
ſe men: and, if I diſpleaſe any,
care, ſo they be of the Many.

The Sexton.

THe Churches key keeper opens the door,
And ſhuts it, ſweeps the floor,
Rings bells, diggs graves, and fills them up again:
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Chriſtianity,
To mark and learn many good leſſons by.

O thou that haſt the key of *David*, who
Open'ſt and ſhutteſt ſo,
That none can ſhut or open after thee,
Vouchſafe thy ſelf to be
Our ſouls door-keeper, by thy bleſſed ſpirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanſe thou our ſin-ſoyl'd ſouls from th' dirt and
Of every noyſome luſt,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections;
The beeſome of afflictions,
With th' bleſſing of thy ſpirit added to it,
If thou be pleas'd to ſay it ſhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath mark'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd,
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame;
They ſeem not now the ſame.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them ſo, that they may chime all in.

Let all our ſins be bury'd in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave;
As they have done, to our eternal ſhame,
And th' ſcandal of thy name.
[illegible] door-keepers in thine houſe attend,
[illegible] the throne of wickedneſs aſcend.

The Clerk.

He Churches Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen,
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements
And takes them out again;
humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
oth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the Veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: if his holy eye
Do any ſpot eſpy,
He cannot it endure,
it moſt expecteth to be ſanctifi'd
thoſe come neareſt him, and glorifi'd.

Pſalms then are alwaies tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Penmans heart:
All muſick is but diſcord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
oices, without affection anſwerable,
hen beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as huſks and ſhells;
Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth,
Some Aromatick ſmells.
ll not eſteem it waſte, leſt Judas-like
ough *Maries* ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould B

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to ſpeak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleaſing be,
Not to our ſelves but thee,
And anſwer thy command,
So that, not we alone, but thou may'ſt ſay
Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overſeer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that non
In their neceſſity,
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or imployment: thoſe alone,
Whom careleſs idleneſs,
Or riotous exceſs,
Condemns to needleſs want, he leaves to be
Chaſten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy ſelf, doſt give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being:
But there is more than ſeeing.
For th' poor with thee: they are thy ſpecial ch
To them thou doſt thine heart and hand enlarg

Four ſorts of poor there are, with whom thou d
Though alwaies diff'rently.
With ſuch indiff'rency,
That none hath reaſon to complain: thou hea
All thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
If there be any found
Hurt by themſelves, thou leav'ſt them to endu
The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure

n the world are poor, and rich in faith:
Their outward poverty
A plentiful ſupply
rard comforts and contentments hath.
And their eſtate is bleſt,
In this above the reſt,
hy choice, whilſt thou on earth did'ſt ſtay,
idſt not whereupon thy head to lay.
oor in ſpirit in the world are rich,
Although not many ſuch:
And no man needs to grutch
iappineſs; who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard task in hand,
Nor eas'ly can withſtand
ong temptations that attend on riches:
ains are more expos'd to ſtorms than ditches.
ich in th' world are ſp'ritually poor,
And deſtitute of grace,
Who may perchance have place
Church upon earth; but heavens door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such camels in at it.
:y ſell all they have, that field to buy,
:in the true treaſure doth hidden lye.
p'ritually poor, and deſtitute
Of grace in th' world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
ſed both in Gods and mans repute,
Till by their miſeries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
:ing and thirſting after righteouſneſs,
: they're on earth, their greateſt happineſs.
make me poor in ſpirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy ſelf,
No want of worldly pelf

Shall make me diſcontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are beſt:
But, above all the reſt,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharm the witch

The Church-warden.

THe Churches guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings alwaies in repaire,
Unwilling that any decay ſhould creep
On them, before he is aware.
Nothing defac'd
Nothing diſplac'd
He likes; but moſt doth long and love to ſee
The living ſtones order'd as they ſhould be.

Lord, thou not only ſuper-viſor art
Of all our works, but in all thoſe,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefeſt part:
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well:
Nor can we tell
What we ſhould do, unleſs by thee directed:
It proſpers not that's by our ſelves projected.

That, which we think our ſelves to mend, we m
And often make it ten times worſe:
Reforming of Religion by war
Is th' chymick bleſſing of a curſe.
Great odds it is,
That we ſhall miſs
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

Is ſtrange we ſo much doat upon our own
Deformity, and others ſcorn.
As if our ſelves were beautiful alone:
When that which did us moſt ador

We purpoſely
Chooſe to lay by,
uch decency and order, as did place us
1 high'ſt eſteem, and guard as well as grace us.

not thy daughter glorious within,
When cloath'd in needle-work without?
'r is't not rather both their ſhame and ſin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to ſtand
:er need in any ſtead, much leſs to be
.n ornament fit for her high degree.

'ake pitty on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:
Cloath all her enemies with ſhame:
.ll the deſpight that's done unto her reaches
To the diſhonour of thy name.
Make all her ſons,
Rich precious ſtones,
'o ſhine each of them in his proper place,
.eceiving of thy fulneſs grace for grace.

The Deacon.

[He Deacon! That's the Miniſter.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any ſiniſter
Intent, us'd ſpecially,
le's purpoſly ordain'd to Miniſter,
1 ſacred things, t' another officer.

At whoſe appointment, in whoſe ſtead,
He doth what he ſhould do,
In ſome things, not in all: is led
By Law, and cuſtom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
hinks this ſufficient authority.

Loves not to vary, when he sees
No great necessitie,
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humilitie:
Knowing how highly God submission prizes,
Pleas'd with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'st of thy self profess
Thou wast as one that serv'd,
And freely choosest to go less,
Though none so much deserv'd.
With what face can we then refuse to be
Entred thy servants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humilitie:
But we, proud generation,
No difference of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly serve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If still from both we swerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t' use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
Whom thou hast left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And minister to thee,
Though not so well as thou may'st well expect
Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be t' accept.

The Priest.

[illegible]st, I say: the Presbyter, I mean,
[illegible]s now adaies he's call'd

y many men : but I chooſe to retain
The name wherewith inſtal'd
le was at firſt in our own mother tongue :
nd doing ſo, I hope, I do no wrong.

he Prieſt, I ſay, 's a middle Officer
Between the Biſhop and
he Deacon, as a middle offerer
Which in the Church doth ſtand
etween God and the people, ready preſt
i the behalf of both to do his beſt.

rom him to them offers the promiſes
Of mercy which he makes ;
or them to him doth all their faults confeſs,
Their pray'rs and praiſes takes,
nd offers for them, at the throne of grace :
ontentedly attending his own place.

he Word and Sacraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth diſpence,
he flouriſhes of falſhood to deface,
With truths clear evidence ;
nd ſins uſurped tyranny ſuppreſs,
' advancing righteouſneſs, and holineſs.

he publick cenſures of the Church he ſees
To execution brought :
ut nothing raſhly of himſelf decrees :
Nor covets to be thought
Wiſer than his ſuperiours ; whom always
le actively, or paſſively obeys.

Lord Jeſus, thou the Mediatour art
Of the new Teſtament,
nd fully did 'ſt perform thy double part
Of God and man, when ſent

To reconcile the world, and to attone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.
Yea, after the order of Melchiſedeck,
Thou art a Prieſt for ever.
With perfect righteouſneſs thy ſelf do'ſt deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thy ſelf make all thy Prieſts on earth,
Bleſs'd fathers to thy ſons of th' ſecond birth.
Thou cam'ſt to do the will of him that ſent thee,
And didſt his honour ſeek,
More than thine own: well may it them repent thee,
Being thy ſelf ſo meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of ſons, that ſeek their fathers to diſgrace.
Lord, grant that the abuſe may be reform'd,
Before it ruine bring
Upon thy poor deſpiſed Church, transform'd
As if 't were no ſuch thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make curs'd confuſion and contention ceaſe.

The Biſhop.

THe Biſhop? Yes, why not? What doth that nai
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To ſay the Overſeer is the ſame
In ſubſtance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
But ſure if men did not deſpiſe the thing,
Such ſcorn upon the name they would not fling.
Some Prieſts, ſome Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overſeer of his ſev'ral cure,
But one Superiour, to overſee
Them altogether, they will not endure:
This the main diff'rence is, that I can ſee,
Biſhops they would not have, but they would be.
But who can ſhew of old that ever any
[illegible]ies without their Biſhops were. Th

ſhops without Presbyteries many,
t needs be, almoſt every where?
sbyters from Biſhops firſt aroſe,
hem, 's probable, not theſe from thoſe.

true Biſhop I eſteem
Officer the Church on earth
is proper to it ſelf, and deem
vithout one an imperfect birth,
tuted ſo at firſt, and maimed,
it had, it afterwards diſclaimed.

rſt from unity ariſeth,
nce of it is ſubordination,
his contemns, and that deſpiſeth,
, but intends not, reformation.
of God, of Nature, or of Art,
e to all what's proper to one part,

d to be ruled are diſtinct
l duties, ſev'rally belong
erſons, can no more be link't
her, than amidſt the throng
unruly paſſions, in the heart,
an ſee to act her ſoveraign part.

Biſhop, as a tender father,
and rule the Church, and is obey'd.
nc'd by it, ſo much the rather,
ich he delighted more to lead
is own example in the way,
niſh any, when they go aſtray.

the Biſhop, and chief Shepherd, art
flock, which thou haſt purchaſed
own blood: to them thou do'ſt impart
ts, which thou haſt merited,
g, and ruling, by thy bleſſed ſpirit,
ils in grace, till glory they inherit.

The ſtars which thou doſt hold in thy right hand
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our New Politicks
Provoke thee to remove our candle-ſticks.

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praiſe t' adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious ſtones
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raiſe thy new Hieruſalem upon.

And, at the brightneſs of its riſing, let
All nations with thy people ſhout for joy:
Salvation for walls and Bulwarks ſet.
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Feſtivals.

MArrow of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holineſs,
The inventories
Of future bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of celeſtial ſtories,
Spirits of joyes, the reliſhes and cloſes
Of Angels muſick, pearls diſſolved, roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The marriage rites,
Which duly ſolemniz'd

ier eſpouſed ſouls to bridal nights,
ded ſun beams, refined Elixars,
l quinteſſential extracts of ſtars;
o loves not you, doth but in vain profeſs
t he loves God, or heaven, or happineſs.

The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

Aile Vaile
Holy Wholly
; of daies, To thy praiſe,
Emperour, For evermore
Univerſal Muſt the reherſal
iarch of time, the weeks Of all, that honour ſeeks
)etual Dictatour. Under the worlds Creator
My
ity Duty
exceeds Yet muſt needs
reach of art, Yield thee mine heart,
blazon fully, And that not dully:
I thy light eclipſe, Spirits of ſouls, not lips
en I moſt ſtrive to raiſe Alone, are fit to praiſe thee
(thee.
at That
hing Slow thing
can be, Time by thee
u only art Hath got the ſtart,
extracted ſpirit And doth inherit
ill Eternity, That immortality
ivour antidated. Which ſin anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body ſo,
That my ſoul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to ſix daies owe.

The Annunciation, or Lady-day.

UNto the muſick of the ſphears
Let men, and Angels, joyn in conſort theirs.
So great a meſſenger,
From heaven to earth,
Is ſeldom ſeen,
Attir'd in ſo much glory,
A meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any ſtory:
This by a double right, if any may,
Be truly ſtil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er coſt
So dear, by much, as to redeem it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made ſtraightway,
So as he ſaw it good:
But e're that he could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood;
His wiſdom with his mercy, for mans ſake,
Againſt his juſtice part did take.

And the reſult was this daies news,
Able the meſſenger himſelf t' amuſe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb.

A ſon ſhe ſhould
Conceive and bear,
As ſure as God was true.
high place in his favour ſhe poſſeſſed,
Being among all women bleſſed.

But bleſt eſpecially in this,
it ſhe believ'd, and for eternal bliſs
Reli'd on him, whom ſhe
Her ſelf ſhould bear,
And her own ſon
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be
That when they hear,
As ſhe had done
Sure their behaviour
They may be bleſſed, as ſhe was, and ſay,
'Tis their Annunciation day.

The Nativity, or Chriſtmas-da

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright ſun, double the day.
Let no malignant miſty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once preſume
To interpoſe thy perfect ſight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That bleſſed object once behold.
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treaſure
Unconfined without meaſure,
Whoſe center and circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect.

And infinite in each aſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where
And alwaies, one, himſelf, the ſame
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely poure
Forth all thy light into that houre,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not this birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

The Circumciſion, or New-ye

SOrrow betide my ſins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſ
Seize on my Saviours tender fleſh ſcar
Unto an eight daies age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blc
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world great G
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſin-incenſed wrath?
Alas, what pleaſure hath
Thy Fathers juſtice to begin thy paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine Incarnation?

Is it to antidate thy death? T' indite
Thy condemnation himſelf, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and can

If man muſt needs draw blood of God, y
Stayes he not till thy time be come to die
Didſt thou thus early bleed

For us to ſhew what need
ıave to haſten unto thee as faſt;
learn that all the time is loſt that's paſt?

true we ſhould do ſo; Yet in this blood
re's ſomthing elſe, that muſt be underſtood:
It ſeals thy covenant,
That ſo we may not want
neſs enough againſt thee, that thou art
.e ſubject to the Law, to act our part.

ſacrament of thy regeneration
ınnot be; It gives no imitation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
ginal corruption, was not thine,
only as thy righteouſneſs is mine.

oly Baptiſm this is brought to me,
hat in Circumciſion was to thee:
So that thy loſs and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
/ Circumciſion writ thy death in blood:
tiſm in water ſeals my livelihood.

leſſed change! Yet, rightly underſtood,
ıt blood was water, and this water's blood.
What ſhall I give again,
To recompence thy pain?
d, take revenge upon me for this ſmart:
quit thy fore-skin, circumciſe my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfthday.

Great, without controverſie great,
They that do know it will confeſs
The myſtery of godlineſs;
ereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God in the fleſh is manifeſt,
And that, which hath for ever been
Inviſible, may now be ſeen,
Th' eternal deity new dreſt.

Angels to ſhepherds brought the news:
And Wiſemen guided by a Star,
To ſeek the ſun are come from far:
Gentiles have got the ſtart of Jews.

The ſtable and the manger hide
His glory from his own: but theſe,
Though ſtrangers, his reſplendent rayes
Of Majeſty divine have ſpy'd.

Gold, frankincenſe, and myrrhe, they give;
And worſhipping him plainly ſhow,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whoſe free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vail of fleſh,
The ſun of righteouſneſs appears,
Melting cold cares, and frotty fears,
And making joyes ſpring up afreſh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others ſhine,
And guide them to that ſun divine:
Whoſe day-light never ſhall expire.

The Paſſion, or Good-Friday.

THis day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?
What hath not ſorrow ſlain me yet?
[redacted] immortal God vouchſafe to give

for mine, and do I ſet
ny wretched life, than he by his,
of glory, and of bliſs?

ee mercy, and meer love to me,
im forſake his glorious throne,
nt a croſs, the ſtage of infamy,
he might not die alone,
ſuffer more through grief and ſhame,
nortal men have pow'r to name?

ngratitude ſo far prevail,
p me living ſtill? Alas!
ſome thorn out of his crown, ſome nail,
t his ſpear, might pierce. and paſs
and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart;
right death-deſerving part."

h he not expect it ſhould be ſo?
he lay down a price ſo great,
ook that his purchaſes ſhould grow
lingly? Shall I defeat
eſire? O no, it cannot be:
ath muſt needs be death to me.

not mine, but his: for he did die
might live: yet died ſo,
ng dead he was alive; and I
w the gates of death muſt go
with him: yea, to live by him here
rt in his death to bear.

, dull ſoul, and if thou canſt not die,
ve thy ſelf into a Sea
g tears, whoſe ſtreams may ne'r go dry.
rned be another way,
have drown'd all joyes, but thoſe alone,
ſorrow claimeth for its own.

w hath its joyes: and I am glad

That I would grieve, if I do not?
But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad,
And sorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief should be,
If I could grieve so, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou hast given them unto me,
So my desires to grieve and die are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee:
Not for my sake then, but thine own be pleas'd
With that, which thou thy self hast rais'd.

The Resurrection, or Easter day.

UP, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soul? Behold the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise,
Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies,

Say not, I live,
Whil'st in the grave thou ly'st:
He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize't,
More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness,
And dust so pleasant to thee,
That happiness,

And heaven, cannot wooe thee
› ſhake thy ſhackles off, and leave behind thee
ioſe fetters, which to death, and hell do bind thee?

vain thou ſay'ſt,
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
thou delay'ſt,
To ſhew, by thy behaviour,
iat thou art riſen with him; Till thou ſhine
ke him, how canſt thou ſay his light is thine?

ırly he roſe,
And with him brought the day,
hich all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
id wilt thou ſluggard-like turn in thy bed,
ll noon-ſun beams draw up thy drowſie head?

›en thine eyes,
Sin-ſeized ſoul, and ſee
hat cobweb-tyes
They are, that trammel thee:
›t profits, pleaſures, honours, as thou thinkeſt;
ıt loſs, pain, ſhame, at which thou vainly winkeſt.

ll that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought,
'ith his hearts blood;
And it muſt there be ſought,
'here he keeps reſidence, who roſe this day:
nger no longer then; up, and away.

The Aſcention, or holy Thurſday.

Mount, mount, my ſoul, and climbe, or rather flye,
With all thy force on high,
hy Saviour roſe not only, but aſcended:
And he muſt be attended

Both in his conqueſt and his triumph too.
His glories ſtrongly wooe
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full luſtre, until both be there.

Where he now ſits, not for himſelf alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are lone men, they ſay;
And do'ſt thou think to ſtay
Behind on earth, whilſt thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happineſs bereaven?

Nothing that thou canſt think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canſt wiſh, to make thee truly bleſt.
And, above all the reſt,
Thy life is hid with God in Jeſus Chriſt,
Higher than what is high'ſt.
O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But tour, my ſoul, and ſear above the ſkies,
Where thy true treaſure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and ſprightly-wiſhes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt aſpire,
Aſcend, if not in deed, yet in deſire.

Whitſunday.

NAy, ſtartle not to hear the ruſhing wind,
Wherewith this place is ſhaken:
Attend a while, and thou ſhalt quickly find,
How much thou art miſtaken;

If thou think here
Is any cauſe to fear.

ıou not how on thoſe twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
the rumor of that wonder ſpreads,
The multitude admire
To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand

: at once ſo great variety
Of language from them come,
›m they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch words to hear.

ot, prophane deſpiſers of the ſpirit,
At what's to you unknown:
rneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

at he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial throne,
:h led captive all captivity,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;

hat live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
rs with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

m for which bleſſed ſtate of glory,
This is his agent here:

To publish to the World that happy story,
Alwaies, and every where,
This resident
Embassadour is sent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counter work
The mines that Satan made
And bring to light those enemies, that lurk
Under sins gloomy shade:
That hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd,
Diversity of tongues
By this division of the Sp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of diff'rent rites.

O let his entertainment than be such,
As doth him best befit:
What ever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reaps the first fruits of bliss.

Trinity Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art, assist me: for I see
The subject of this daies solemnity
So far excels in worth,
That sooner may
I drain the sea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully set it forth,
Except [redacted] all three to take my part,
And [redacted] fill both my head and heart

ay, buſie ſoul, preſume not to enquire
So much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reaſon doth tranſcend.
od Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghoſt,
'ho moſt admireth, magnifieth moſt.
nd who moſt magnifies beſt underſtands,
nd beſt expreſſeth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When moſt they try
To glorifie,
And raiſe on high,
Fall ſhort, and lie
Groveling below: Mans giving
but reſtoring by retail, with loſs,
'hat from his God he firſt receiv'd in groſs.
iith muſt perform the office of invention,
nd Elocution ſtruck with apprehenſion
Of wonder ſilence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the skies
In reverend wiſe,
Beſt ſolemnize
This day: whereof the deep
yſterious ſubject lies out of the reach
f Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.
hen write *non Ultra* here; Look not for leave
o ſpeak of what thou never canſt conceive
Worthily, as thou ſhouldeſt:
And it ſhall be
Enough for thee,

If none but he
Himself doth see,
Though thou canst not, thou wouldst
Make his praise glorious, who is alone
Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

Invitation.

TUrn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place:
But thou canst make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace.
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to sin set ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And so thy building was defac'd
And in thy room another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine:
O dispossess him, Lord.
Do thou but say, this heart *is* mine,
He's gone at the first word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is always; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart:
And, *so give me thine heart.*
Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take

Comfort in Extremity.

[redacted] my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!

It will be mine undoing;
If he go
I'll run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I.
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.
Cheer up thy drooping ſpirits,
I am here.
Mine all-ſufficient merits
Shall appear
Before the throne of glory
In thy ſtead:
I'll put into thy ſtory
What I did.
Lift up thine eyes ſad ſoul, and ſee
Thy Saviour here. Loe, I am he.
Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The loathſomneſs
not afraid, I'll take
Thy Sins on me,
d all my favour make
To ſhine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou muſt make me.
As I have made thee, now I take thee.

Reſolution and Aſſurance.

Ord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beſhrew that not:
It was my ſin begot
queſtion firſt: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy bloud was spilt
To wash away my guilt,
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beshrew that not.
'Twas deaths accursed plot
To put that question: Yes, I will,
Lord love thee still
In spight of all my ill.
Then life, and love continue still
We shall, and will,
My Lord and I, untill,
In his celestial hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

Vows broken and renewed.

SAid I not so, that I would sin no more?
Witness my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows, and break them sti
'Twill be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The bus'ness will be crost.

O, say not so! thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past, (ma
Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, th
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

[illegible]y God hath not deny'd thee all,
[illegible]hilst he permits thee but to call:
[illegible] to thy God for grace to keep

Thy vows, and if thou break them weep,
:p for thy broken vows, and vow again.
's made with tears cannot be ſtill in vain.
Then onee again
I vow to mend my ways,
Lord, ſay Amen,
And thine be all the praiſe.

Confuſion.

! How my mind
Is gravell'd !
Not a thought
t I can find
But's ravel'd
All to nought.
rt ends of threds,
And narrow ſhreds,
Of liſts,
ts ſnarled ruffs,
Looſe broken tufts
Of twiſts,
my torn meditations ragged cloathing,
ch wound, and woven ſhape a ſute for nothing:
while I think, and then I am in pain
hink how to unthink that thought again.

' can my ſoul
But famiſh
With this food?
ſures full bowl
Taſtes rammiſh,
Taints the blood.
it picks bones,
And chews on ſtones
That choak:

Fats not, but fills
With ſmoak.
And whilſt my thoughts are greedy upon thiſe,
They paſs by pearls, and ſtoop to pick up peaſe.
Such waſh and draff is fit for none but ſwine:
And ſuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Cloath me anew, and feed me then afreſh:
Elſe my ſoul dies famiſh't, and ſtarv'd with ſin.

A Paradox.

The worſe the better.

WElcome mine health: this ſickneſs
Med'cins adieu:
When with diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my ſtrength: this weakneſs makes me
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loſs hath gain'd me
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome my credit: this diſgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'll wiſh for you.

Welcome content: this ſorrow is my joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch griefs as may annoy,
I'll wiſh for you.

Wealth, ſtrength, and riches, credit, and

red beſt, ſomtimes, when they are ſpent:
s and weakneſs, loſs, diſgrace, and ſorrow,
oft ſomtimes, when they moſt ſeem to borrow.
: the hand, that helps by hurting, gives
ng, by forſaking, me, relieves.
y fall my riſing be thy will,
will ſay, *The worſe the better ſtill.*
k the Paradox, maintain thou it,
thy grace ſupply my want of Wit.
'e me no learning that a man may ſee,
may be a Scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

ouſe I had (an heart I mean) ſo wide
d full of ſpacious rooms on every ſide,
at viewing it I thought I might do well,
than keep it void, and make no gain,
t I could not uſe, to entertain
ch gueſts as came: I did; But what befel
quickly in that courſe, I ſigh to tell.

I had (alas! I have her ſtill)
: big-belly'd gueſt enough to fill
e vaſt content of hell, Corruption.
rtaining her, I loſt my right
:e than all the world hath now in ſight.
day, each hour, almoſt, ſhe brought forth one,
ther baſe-begot Tranſgreſſion.

arge grew great. I, that had loſt before
t I had, was forced now to ſcore
ll the charges of their maintenance
ns-day book: Whoever knew't would ſay
ſt ſum there was more than I could pay,
n firſt 'twas due, beſide continuance, (chance.
h could not chuſe but much the debt en-

t I wish't her to remove:
not. I su'd her then above,
g'd the court of heaven but in vain,
ut. No, I could not evade
, which she pleaded I had made,
hilst both lived, I should entertain,
e own charge, both her and all her train
n, but or I must dye or she;
death of no availe would be:
he death I had dy'd already, then,
she liv'd in me: and now to dye
eath again were but to tye
twist them both into a third, which when
ce hath seiz'd on, never looseth men.
n might be my life; but her to kill
elf, had neither power nor will.
desp'rate was my case. Whil'st I delay'd,
t still teem'd, my debts still greater grew;
I had to pay, the more was due.
e more I knew, the more I was afraid;
he more I mus'd, the more I was dismaid.

I learn'd, there was no way but one:
d must do it for me. He alone,
hat is the Lord of Life, by dying can
men from death, and kill Corruption:
many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierc'd; out of his side there ran
Sins corrasives, restoratives for man.

s precious balm I begg'd, for pities sake,
nercies gate; where Faith alone may take.
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally,
nty said, Come. I heard it, and believed;
ere complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
That thenceforth I should live. Corruption dye.

id so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
e are not parted. She is where she was.
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks through mine eys
eaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
orks with mine hands: her body's left behind,
Although her soul be gone. My miseries
All flow from hence: from hence my woes arise.

oath my self, because I leave her not:
t cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice:
d still, though dead, she both conceives and bears,
ny faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

ad bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,
d putrifie: How can I then but think
Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd?
ough such she were before, yet such to me
seemed not. Kind fools can never see,
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

t mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
bs her own secret filthiness unaskt,
To all that understand her. That do none,
whom she lives embraced with delight:
: first of all deprives them of their sight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

woe is me! One part of me is dead:
: other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto sin,
the dead part. I am a living grave,
! a dead body I within me have.

The worlds part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The scent would choak me, were it not that grac
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place,
With odours of the spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit.
And of thy self Transgressions only please me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I fold.
Having no state my self, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt?
O speak the word, and make these inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

PEace, rebel thought: dost thou not know thy Ki
My God, is here?
Cannot his presence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he absent, all the standers by
Are but his spies:
And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny,
Thy words were lyes.
If others will not, yet I must, and will,
My self complain.
My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought
Began to move,
And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that sin,
And thou might both

Take up my heart together for your Inne,
And neither loath
The others company; a while ſit ſtill,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redreſt.
The fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confeſt,
I muſt be beat.
And I refuſe not puniſhment for this,
Though to my pain;
So I may learn to do no more amiſs,
Nor ſin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then,
What I ſhall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee ſay,
That labours eas'd:
The fault, that is confeſt, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.
How can I ſin again, and wrong thee then;
That do'ſt relent,
And ceaſe thine anger ſtraight, as ſoon as men
Do but repent?
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

The Loſs.

THe match is made
Between my Love and me:
And therefore glad,
And merry, now I'll be.
Come glory, crown
My head,
And pleaſures drown
My bed

Of thorns in down.
Sorrow, be gone
Delight,
And joy alone
Befit
My honey, Moon.
Be packing now,
You comb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to ſighs and tears.
Whilſt thus I lay,
As raviſht with delight,
I heard one ſay,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice
My Lords,
And at the noiſe
His words
Did make, aroſe.
I look'd, and ſpy'd,
Each where,
And loudly cry'd,
My dear;
But none reply'd;
Then to my grief
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

The Search.

WHither, oh! whither is my Lord depar
What can my love, that is ſo tender he
Forſake the ſoul, which once he thorow dar
As if it never ſmarted?

No, ſure my love is here if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my ſenſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt my ſelf: he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound;
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to th' ground;
My ſins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thy abſence heav'n it ſelf is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy preſence in the place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred art, which thou provideſt
For all them, whom thou guideſt

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dy'ſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'll lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the judge thy ſelf, I have
Thy promiſe for it, which thou canſt not wave,
That who ſalvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh! ſeek, and find me then, or elſe deny

truth, thy self, O! thou canst not lye
w thy self constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Loe, here I lye.

The Return.

Oe, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes. I see
'Tis he.
ankt, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;
d, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must
Not trust
My joyes unto my self:
This shelf
too secure, and too presumptious pleasure
d almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended so,
And go
suddenly away? As if enjoying
ill pleasure and contentment, were annoying.

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joyes, amongst other things,
Have wings,
nd watch their opportunities of flight,
onverting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be
Instructed to be wise?
I'll *rise*,

a lecture unto them that are
o learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keep
Muſt weep;
And in the brine of tears,
And fears,
kle them. That powder will preſerve;
th repentance is the ſouls conſerve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balſom 'tis
For bliſs;
ft reſides, where mirth with ſorrow meets;
y joyes on earth are bitter-ſweets.

Inundations.

E talk of *Noahs* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may,
The Scriptures ſay,
er did prevail, the hills were under,
d nothing could be ſeen but Sea.

there are two other floods ſurpaſs
That flood, as far,
As heav'n one ſtar,
nany men regard, as little, as
e ordinari'ſt things that are.

: is ſin, the other is ſalvation:
And we muſt need
Confeſs indeed.
:her is an inundation,
ıich doth the deluge far exceed.

: flood he and his houſhold liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load.

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd:
All safely on the waters rode.
But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even He,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
But that he was made sin for me;
And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.
O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'rflow
In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may over-grow.
Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire mans fall,
When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

Sin.

SIn, I would fain define thee: but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.
I call thee the transgression of the Law,
And yet I read,
That sin is dead
Without the Law; and thence it strength doth
[redacted] art the sting of death. 'Tis true:

And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.

I ſay thou art the devils work. Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father:
For he had been no devil but for thee.

What ſhall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right underſtood,
Be names too good,
I'll ſay thou art the quintiſſence of evil.

Travels at home.

OFt have I wiſh'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the ſights to ſee,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occaſion, as the grave,
That never ſaies enough; yet ſtill was croſt,
When opportunities had promis'd moſt.
At laſt I ſaid, what mean'ſt thou, wandring elf,
To ſtraggle thus? Go travel firſt thy ſelf.
Thy little world can ſhew thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou ſhalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe ſupplies, and Aſia thy will,
And Affrick thine Affections. And if ſtill
Thou liſt to travel further, put thy ſenſes
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences
Of new diſcoveries, whilſt yet thine own,
And neareſt, little world is ſtill unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants; compaſſes,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glaſſes.
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Cloſe up thine annals, and thine hiſtories.

Study thy ſelf, and read what thou haſt writ
In thine own book, thy conſcience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge ſo,
And thine own neareſt, deareſt, ſelf not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
Whilſt oft the ſoul payes for the bodies fare,
Travels at home are cheap, and ſafe. Salvation,
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himſelf, needeth no further go.

The Journey.

Life is a journey. From our mothers wombs,
As houſes, we ſet out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we reſt, till it be time to riſe
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies
Haughty preſumption and hell-deep deſpair
Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming fair.
The world with its intiecements ſleek and fly,
Slabbers out ſteps, and makes them ſlippery.
The fleſh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of luſts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth ſpread his ſnares
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footſteps are our thoughts, our words, our w
Theſe carry us along; in theſe there lurks
Envy, luſt, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongſt the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to ſee us pierce our ſelves with ſorrow
To day, by thinking what may be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of pleaſure; and we never lin
[redacted] our ſelves, with dirty damn'd delights,
[redacted] begotten pain our pleaſure frights.

es we ſcramble to get up the banks
nour; and we break our ranks
:fore our fellows: though, they ſay,
t tyreth, that ſtill leads the way.
;, when others juſtle and provoke us,
at duſt our ſelves, that ſerves to choak us;
: thoſe tempeſts of contention, which
:eſide the way into the ditch.
s ſhould be our guids: but they are blind,
out-run our wits, or lag behind.
ius paſſions, like unbridled jades,
headlong to th' infernal ſhades.
be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
death will be our journeys end.

Engines.

often find, when nature's at a ſtand,
l hath in vain try'd all her utmoſt ſtrength,
,her Ape, can reach her out an hand,
: her powers with to a full length.
ay not grace have means enough in ſtore,
with to do as much as that, and more?

: ſhe hath engines of ev'ry kind,
what Art and Nature, when they view,
ous miracles of wonder find,
nuſt needs acknowledge to be true;
ranſcending all their pow'r and might,
ney ſtand ev'n amazed at the ſight.

three inſtances; faith, hope, and love.
o'd by the perſpective glaſs of faith.
:o perceive what is above
h of reaſon: yea, the ſcripture ſaith,
im that is inviſible behold,
ture things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet
Of Gods eternal Counsels, and doth see
Such mysteries of glory there, as set
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the same image, and appear
So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extreams to meet
Felicity and misery, can crown
Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.
Nothing's impossible to faith: a man
May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above it self in expectation
Of what the soul desireth for its part:
Then, when its time of transmigration
Is delayd longest, yet is patiently
To wait, as if't were answer'd by and by.

When grief unweildy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little center shall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which gyant-like before did strout,
Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath over-spread the soul withall,
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright,
As the Sun beams spread on a silver wall.
Sin-shaken soarle Hope anchor-like holds steady
When storms and tempests make them move th
(gide

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the worlds wide wilderness,
And burdens seeming most intolerable
To take up, and bear with chearfulness.

To do, or ſuffer, what appears in ſight
Extreamly heavy, love will make moſt light.

Yea, what by men is done, or ſuffered,
Either for God, or elſe for one another,
Though in it ſelf it be much blemiſhed
With many imperfections, which ſmother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it, yet fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwiſe,
Or would be both divers, and diſtant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatſoever ſize
Eternity is of, or happineſs,
Love comprehends it all, boe't more, or leſs.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them poſſeſs mine heart,
And gladly I'll reſign to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.
To mount a ſoul, and make it ſtill ſtand ſtable,
Theſe are alone Engines incompanable.

To my Reverend Friend the Author of the *Synagogue.*

SIR,

I Lov'd you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your perſon; but now love you more;
Becauſe I find
It is ſo true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your ſacred lyre
To that eternal quire;
Where holy *Herbert* ſits
(O ſhame to prophane wits)
And ſings his and your Anthems, to the praiſe
Of him that is the firſt and laſt of daies.

Theſe holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:
For they can raiſe ſad ſouls above the earth
And fix them there
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry hour
I read you kills a ſin,
Or lets a vertue in
To fight againſt it; and the Holy Ghoſt
Supports my frailties, leſt the day be loſt.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms;
W'are circumveſted with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And ſtand upon my guard,
And ſtill conſult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My vows, and ſay, Well fare his, and your heart,
Fountains of ſuch ſacred Wit and Art.

Ix. T

TO
His Ingenious Friend, th
Author of the *Synagogue*; Upon his Additional Church-Utenſils.

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch-ſtone's bold
To queſtion the more noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my bluſhing hand
To try theſe Raptures, ſent to my poor Teſt;
But ſince your Queſtion's, Are they like the reſt?
I ſay they are the beſt:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confeſt.

But Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They'r like the father too;
And *you like him* whoſe ſublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
Stoop at ſtars that ſhine below my head.